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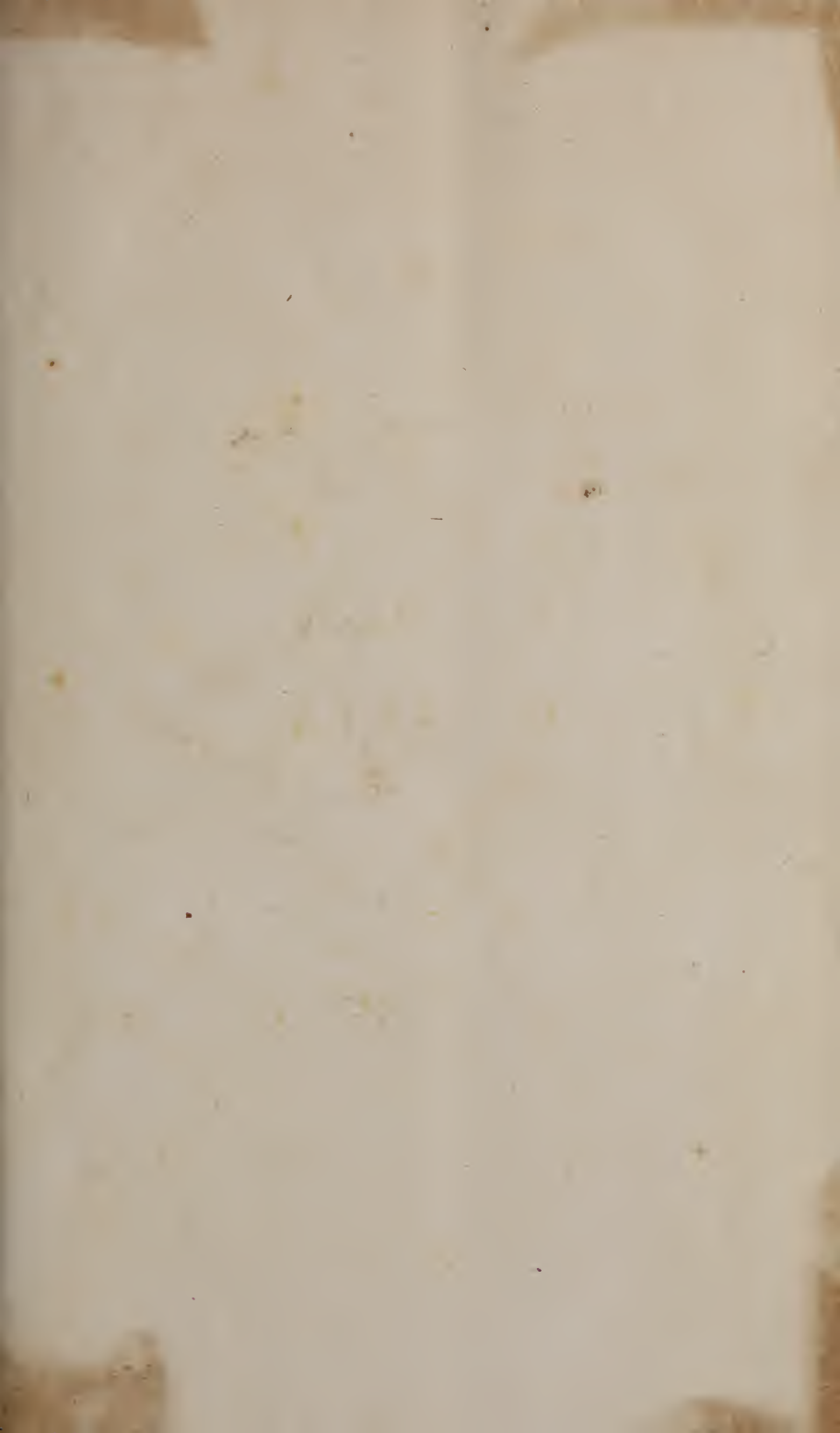
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AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. LYDIA MORRIS MALCOM.

“Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and thy truth’s sake.” Psalm cxv. 1.

Mrs. M. was the eldest daughter of Mr. ROBERT SHIELDS, of Philadelphia, and eldest grand-daughter of THOMAS SHIELDS, Esq. who for more than fifty years was deacon of the first Baptist church in that city, and, after the organization of the Triennial Convention, was Vice President of its Board.* She was born July 17, 1797, and enjoyed the best advantages of education, which that city afforded. In her youth, she was remarkable for a taste for reading, and a mind of uncommon vigor; but chiefly for the ardor with which she engaged in the amusements and in the pleasures of a numerous gay acquaintance. At this period she kept no diary, and few of her letters are extant.

In the year 1816, a small party was formed to spend a few weeks at the sea shore. Of this party, the young persons, who had never seen each other before, were Miss Shields, another young lady, and Mr. M., at that time a member of Dr. Staughton’s church in Philadelphia. The latter took frequent opportunities of conversing with the two young ladies on the subject of religion. In a few days, it became apparent that these conversations had produced a deep effect on the mind of Miss S., while to the other, the subject seemed rather to become repulsive; especially after the arrival of a friend, who in a week or two, joined the party. Among other walks in the neighborhood, one led to a retired, private burial-ground. There, on a rude seat, almost daily conversations occurred between the new inquirer, and her young spiritual adviser. Her mind seemed to embrace with avidity the glorious truths of revelation. Surprising as it may seem, they had never before been urged upon her, personally, by any Christian friend. A diary, which she was now persuaded to commence, exhibits in the most ample manner the genuine feelings of evangelical conviction.

On returning to the city, the acquaintance thus commenced continued. Miss S. was gradually led to devotional meetings, introduced to serious persons, and persuaded to read religious books. Still, however, the influence of gay acquaintances, and the force of early habit, often led her into her early extravagances, and made it obvious that, notwithstanding all her convictions of

* See an obituary notice in the American Baptist Magazine for March, 1820, and in Vol. II. of the Latter-Day Luminary, published at Philadelphia.

sin, and strenuous resolutions, her heart was not right with God. Her friend, however, continued his occasional visits, and, amid many and long discouragements, kept her attention directed to the considerations of eternity. Gradually, but obviously, she became in the next six or eight months more serious, as well as more enlightened. Her diary proved an important auxiliary to the growth of religious principle. Beside this, an acquaintance with an eminently religious female friend, now ripened into an ardent friendship, which exerted the happiest influence on her heart and character. She thus writes in a letter about that time: "Serious reflection has for the last week engrossed my mind. I am reading Cole's work with a tranquil and divine pleasure, never before experienced by me in the perusal of works of a religious nature. Unto my Heavenly Father I present my most fervent acknowledgments for so disposing my mind, that those things which were once my aversion, are now my desire; and for what once constituted my sole felicity, I now entertain the utmost disgust. The allurements of fashionable pleasure I determine to relinquish, that my mind may not be abstracted, and my affections alienated from God, their only proper object."

About eighteen months from the time of her first religious impressions, namely, July 5th, 1818, she was baptized by Dr. STAUGHTON, and became a member of Sanson St. Church, Philadelphia.

She thus describes, in a letter to a friend, her emotions on that solemn occasion. After stating her previous fears of being intimidated, she says, "When the hour arrived, I experienced no such emotions. My soul was devoid of rapturous feelings, but exalted joy pervaded every faculty, and every feeling vibrated with celestial love. I exulted, when I stood up with the Dr. during a portion of his address, in thus publicly professing myself a candidate for an eternal world, a child of God, a follower of the blessed Jesus. My happiness was consummate, and I panted to tell those who were present what a precious Saviour I have found, and most ardently I desired again to relate to them what Jesus has done for my soul, and to persuade precious immortal souls, who do not love God, no longer to pursue the fleeting shadowy pleasures of time, when immortal substance awaits them. I regretted that it was not customary for candidates on baptismal occasions to speak to the audience."

The emotions at her first participation of the Lord's supper, as described in her diary, were not joyous but aspiring. Usefulness absorbed her desires, and the burden of her prayers was to "explore the omnipotent Spirit of God to impart strength, that I may work while it is day." At her second communion season, her experience was more pleasurable. Under that date she says, "My second communion season approaching, I devoted the week prior, to reading 'the Communicant's Spiritual Companion.'" The attentive perusal of it, united with prayer and meditation, had a most happy effect in preparing my mind for that solemn ordinance. My soul was dissolved in mingled love and gratitude. My tears flowed with very little intermission, and relieved my surcharged heart. I felt sensible that sin was intimately commingled with my nature; but saw before me that solemn ordinance which appeared as "a rainbow set in the clouds," to indicate that I shall not be swept away by the wrath of God. In the language of scripture, I could say, "He brought me into his banquetting house, and his banner over me was love." The most supreme bliss that can be experienced in this terrestrial scene, sinners are deprived of, by being estranged from God. O Lord! thou who hast snatched me as a brand from the burning, for which I desire to present to Thee the oblation of love and gratitude, extend thy pity to the victims of delusion; displace the bandage from their eyes; may thy holy Spirit induce them to seek and love holiness, that they may be saved. My heart throbbled with joys, when, after the celebration of our Lord's supper, the names of twelve candidates were propounded. I rejoice that so many are coming out to enlist under the banner of the Lord. O Lord, may thy churches flourish as a well-watered garden; may they be clothed with "zeal as with a cloak, and converge nearer and nearer each other in the bonds of affection, as they approximate to Thee, their common object."

Aug. 16, 1818. For several weeks, such radiance of celestial joy has possessed my soul, as I could scarce believe could be experienced, whilst dwelling in this tenement of clay. I made the inquiry, What can it portend? does God design soon to take me to himself, and is this giving me the foretaste of the joys of heaven? I felt that if it was his will to sound my retreat, I should go exulting, possessed of the blissful assurance of a blessed immortality."

The following is extracted from a letter written about the same time.

"God has given me such enrapturing views of his countenance, that I could never have believed it possible, had I not experienced it, that the human soul was susceptible of such sublime emotions. When I, for the second time, partook of the Lord's supper, my Father's face was astonishingly revealed to my soul. Celestial love predominated, whilst every faculty conspired to present the offering of gratitude to my heavenly Mediator. I renewed my oath of allegiance to the Captain of my salvation. I exult that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; for by His power and atoning blood, when this tabernacle of clay is dissolved, I shall be invested with the immaculate robe of righteousness. I employ such opportunities, when I can without giving umbrage to the feelings, to tell others of the importance, excellence and beauty of the religion we have professed, desiring that they will determine, and not rest until they realize the blessing; but alas! the indifference that is manifested chills the glow that dilated my heart but a few minutes previous. I will persist, and endeavor to displace the bandage of delusion that obscures the light of my poor fellow immortals. Even the laugh of derision, shall not deter me; for was not Jesus derided by a *multitude*? Dear H., let us aim at being (as Edwards has beautifully expressed it,) "little suns;" the symbols of that, whose light we have received, that we may enlighten the path of those who grope in darkness. What should intimidate us, when our Father smiles? We will not live "without God in the world." Nothing less than his presence and smile can appease the desires of my soul. I avail myself of the language of my favorite author, because it so perfectly breathes my own feelings.

'As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream—for Him who made him,
So pants my thirsty soul, amidst the waste
Of sublunary joys.'

Like most other Christians, especially in the early stages of their career, her frames were often dark.

"Saturday, Sept. 19. Alas! how greatly has the exhilarating influence of the Sun of Righteousness been diminished in my soul! How subtly does Satan inject his arts into my heart, and cause this cloud to arise and obscure the loveliness of my Saviour's face! Self-investigation reveals to me so much of deformity, that I am averse to engage in it so frequently as I know is my duty. Now I experience the unhappy effect of negligence in watchfulness over my soul. I remember my accustomed hours of devotion; but it is only a sense of duty that impels me to the throne of grace. My soul is like the dove that could find no resting-place. So, Lord, would my soul flee to Thee; but it cleaveth unto the dust. When I would come to Thee by prayer, my soul is not comforted, for the heaven appears as brass, and its gates like bars of iron. O God, let my voice reach the heavens, and cause a spark from thy altar to influence my soul with love."

Under a subsequent date she says, "Afternoon. The Dr. was on the sufferings of our crucified Lord. My cold heart refused its sensibility, while contemplating the sacrifice for sin. During the ordinance, I found my thoughts frequently wandering from the love I was externally commemorating. I could but offer myself to Jesus, as one of his most ungrateful servants. I felt my unworthiness of the privileges of a child of God; but my soul clung to Jesus, as its only hope."

The manner of her relief, shows how wrong it is for persons in a dark frame, to neglect the ordinances of God.

“Sunday, May 9. Attended Sunday school and divine worship during the day. My heart was cold under the sound of the gospel, and I fear not so much benefited by the services of the sanctuary. I dined at grand-papa’s; and feeling much dissatisfied with myself on account of the insensibility of my heart, I took advantage of an opportunity of retiring before I attended Sunday school, and presented the cause of my dissatisfaction to my God, and prayed him to remove the obduracy of my heart, to give me correct views of myself; and I besought him to show me the preciousness of a Saviour’s blood in restoring me to the enjoyment of his Spirit.

“At the display of the symbols that commemorate my Saviour’s death, my soul lost much of its languor. The privilege I was about to participate in seemed too great; and I felt myself so undeserving of it, that I almost feared I was deceiving myself with false views. I retraced my whole experience, and was astonished at the folly that has attended the whole course. But I prayed to the Lord, to show me myself; and, in proportion as I felt my unworthiness, I felt the preciousness of a Saviour’s blood; and my faith in that was so strong that again I feared I was deceiving myself. Lord, thou knowest that I do not wish this apathy of soul to continue. Thou knowest that I desire to love thee more and serve thee better. I will obey the precious invitation, and receive the rest thou hast promised, when thou didst say, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’

“Before I departed from the sanctuary I felt my soul full of joy, and rejoiced exceedingly in the God of my salvation. I did not forget, at this sweet season, to pray for my poor family and for H——. In an extacy of joyous feeling, I united in singing the beautiful hymn beginning with “Jesus, lover of my soul.” I left the house of the Lord full of desire and energy to be more zealous in the service of my Redeemer, and prayed him to enable me to lead poor wandering souls to him.”

“Monday, May 10. Arose in a sweetly devotional frame of mind. The duties of the day were performed with cheerfulness, and were sweetened by the remembrance of the happy Sabbath I passed yesterday.”

From this time, her religious character acquired more and more strength and consistency. Her religious enjoyments also, continued to increase, and several of her letters to undecided inquirers, dwell on the pleasure and advantage of an open profession.

She entered with zeal into divers benevolent operations. Though her health had always been feeble, she visited and relieved the poor, became a manager of the Philadelphia Female Bible Society, and of the Baptist Female Education Society, and superintendent of a Sabbath school for colored Female Children. Her anxiety for the conversion of others, displayed itself in every letter to her friends. To her parents and other relations, she wrote pointedly and solemnly. The following, to her brother T. is a specimen:

“Dear brother,

“On the most important of all concerns, I now address you. In the name of that Holy God who has brought me from darkness unto light, I entreat your solemn attention and performance. Oh! let it not be that I must meet you at the judgment bar, to testify that I have warned you of wrath to come, and you have not heeded it. Perhaps you think the life of a Christian is a life of restraint and self-denial. It is such a self-denial, as ennobles our natures and promotes our happiness. We must refrain from sin, because it offends God. Sin is more congenial to the inclinations of the natural mind, than holiness; and the combats of the believer, with the evil propensities of his own soul, form what is termed the Christian warfare. Sin must be exterminated, before holiness can flourish. God has said that his paths are pleasantness and peace. I have been an ardent votary of what the world calls pleasure; but I solemnly declare that I never knew pleasure, until I knew God. Perhaps you think you

cannot endure the laugh of your associates. Do you prefer pleasing them, to pleasing God? Do you think, when your poor naked soul appears before its Maker to receive its final sentence, that your acquaintance can afford you any relief, however trifling, from the denunciation—'Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; I know you not.' Now resolve on *heaven* or *hell*. If the lovers of the world despise you, Jesus has declared, 'They hated me, before they hated you.' The followers of Jesus cannot hope to be caressed by the world, when He was crucified.—The greatest portion of my letter has been written with tears in my eyes.—Into the hands of God, I commend you, that He may incline your soul to the prayer of your affectionate sister,

Lydia Morris Shields."

Her department at Sunday school was formed wholly through her instrumentality. Having been appointed to the small class of negroes, she so assiduously sought out scholars from the lanes and alleys that her number grew to several classes; amounting at length to more than a hundred. For this part of our population she always felt deeply. The following is an extract from her diary, after conversing with a pious black man;

"Oh God! how long shall this poor injured people endure their sufferings? Wilt thou not excite some of thy people to redress their injuries? The day shall soon arrive, when, at the awful bar of retribution, the sons of Ethiopia will be avenged. Let the despicable worldling say, that negroes are an inferior species of beings, devoid of gratitude, and not capable of receiving improvement. I do not believe it, and abhor those whom I have heard assert such an opinion. I believe that they possess intellectual energy, and that it requires but the genial breath of liberty to cause it to evolve. Can the lash and the (I had almost said *accursed*) hardships to which they are inured, elicit their nobler faculties of mind? Color does not affect the soul; and if they seldom develop superior powers, it is because they are obscured by their situation. The poor negro I this morning conversed with, exhibits a proof that African souls may display graces that would adorn the soul of any Christian. When he conversed of Jesus with so much humility, how deformed did my soul appear to me, so destitute of that meekness which is the Christian's greatest ornament! Oh, how dissimilar to the dear Redeemer am I! Holy Spirit, I implore Thee to teach me: transform this impatient, irritable disposition of mine to the meek and heavenly disposition exhibited by the Redeemer. Oh my God, a short time past I thought thou intended soon to take me to thyself; but now thou art manifesting thy will that I should not yet be emancipated from this little gloomy cell. Let me then live to thy service, and not as a cumberer of the ground; and give me strength adapted for every conflict in life. O my Father, when shall I be with Thee? Oh, ye lingering days! haste on, and bring my soul to rest.

' Make haste, my days, and reach the goal
That brings my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.'

"In giving vent to my feelings, I have greatly deviated from what I commenced with.

"My colored brother told me he had been a slave until sixty years of age, and never had but four weeks schooling; and that was obtained when he lost a joint of his thumb, which rendered him incapable for a time of doing any work."

She read or rather *studied*, under the direction of her friend, many highly important religious books in the course of the next two years, which are named in her diary, accompanied with observations which exhibit not only great strength of mind, but uncommonly rapid growth in grace. Among these were several standard histories and biographies:—Stuart on the Mind—Mason on Self

Knowledge—Watts' Logic, Durham and Paley's Natural Theology, &c., and attended several courses of popular scientific lectures. Macknight on the Epistles was her constant companion, and afforded her great pleasure.

On the 1st of May, 1820, she was married, and immediately removed to Hudson N. Y. where Mr. M. had previously agreed to settle, on completing his studies at Princeton Theological Seminary.

As this event drew nigh, her mind dwelt much on the solemn change it would produce in her situation and responsibilities, and every letter breathes a spirit of holy aspiration. On one occasion she says,

"I forget not to supplicate God, for the abundant shedding forth of his grace, that our souls may be invigorated for extensive usefulness, and a prosperous Christian course. I have, for several days, been earnestly entreating, that we may be assisted to remember our responsibility, for the discharge of our duties in the place whither we are going. Unless we go to expend the noblest energies of our souls in the cause of the Lord Jesus, God forbid that we go at all.

"For the last few days, my experience has been very sweet. I was apprehensive that the desires of my heart, were too much immersed in present things; but I have been assisted to feel a greater indifference to the accession of earthly gratifications, and to act with a stronger reference to death and judgment. I pray that more practical views of religion may be imparted to us both; and that we may adopt, for a rule of our lives, the valuable idea of Henry—that 'the end of one good work, should be the beginning of another.' If an unquenchable zeal for the promotion of the Redeemer's interest, exhibits itself in our lives, we shall find many afflictive dispensations averted; and when the divine power inflicts the chastening of his rod, we shall not find his corrections aggravated by the remonstrances of conscience. We shall escape, too, that painful dissatisfaction, which results from having alienated ourselves from our God, and pursued our own ways, and our own pleasures, rather than his service.

'Let's turn from this earth! for its joys and its treasures
'Are fleeting and vain, as the shadows of eve—
'And sparkling and sweet, though the cup of its pleasures,
'It sparkles to snare us, it cheers to deceive.
'Let's up and be doing! Boast not of tomorrow;
'But give to our Maker each hour as it flies;
'And our last shall remove us, from sin and from sorrow,
'To perfect and endless delights in the skies.' "

The parting from her colored school, was a sore trial; but her mode of taking leave, was afterwards found to be greatly blessed. In her diary of that day, she thus writes—

"Sunday, April 30. This day took leave of the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath school. I addressed every class on the importance of improving their time, and seeking the salvation of Christ; and every teacher I addressed individually on the responsibility of her situation, as teacher of those whom God had committed to her care, by his providence. The teachers wept very much, when I bade them farewell; and the children, many of them, were much affected. I felt much afflicted in mind, after saying farewell: but I entreated God to bless what I had said, and cause it to operate on their hearts. And I was cheered by the prospect of being more useful in a more important situation."

In the city of Hudson she continued to labor for six years with distinguished honor to herself and usefulness to the cause of her Redeemer. A Sunday school being soon formed, she took charge of the female department. She also formed and directed a society for the assistance of young ministers in pursuing an education—a Maternal Society (one of the first in this country)—became an active manager of the Female Bible Society—and in fine took a leading part in every benevolent endeavor which became her sex. Her special

objects of regard, were young persons and children. This was shown not merely in the Sunday school, in aiding the education of children at mission stations, &c., but particularly in the Maternal Society. Her soul went out in desires to excite parents to *pray for their children*. She not only was the means of forming many of these societies; but of leading them on to such a degree of engagedness, as secures at once their permanence, and their utility. That at Hudson has never faltered in its good way, but remains, an inestimable blessing to that city. The following extract is from a long and most kind letter of condolence from it, to Mr. M., their late pastor.

“We who were personally acquainted with our dear sister Malcom, and for years witnessed her faithful and unwearied exertions in the cause of her divine Redeemer, and who, even now, enjoy the blessed results of her labors, her prayers and her example, surely *we knew* her value, and have reason to mingle our tears with yours, and mourn the loss of one so dear to us all, and who was the means, in the hand of God, of exciting us to the duty of uniting our prayers and supplications in behalf of our children, which have been abundantly answered in the conversion of thirty-eight of those dear children within the space of seven years—more than thirty of whom, have united with Baptist churches—nine of these are in one family. And seldom do we meet together without remembering her who first met with us on these interesting occasions, and who is now enjoying ‘rest from her labors,’ and has already received the welcome plaudit, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’”

On her husband's assuming the general agency of the American Sunday School Union, in May, 1826, her residence was again transferred to Philadelphia. Here, among other benevolent undertakings, she resumed her favorite employment—the care of a Sabbath school. The elegant hall used by Mr. Rand as a writing academy, having been granted her for the purpose, by that gentleman, she soon drew around her teachers and scholars of an elevated grade in society; and, during her stay in that city, was eminently blessed in the results of the school.

Her letters at this period show how rapidly she was preparing for her blessed home on high. The following are a few specimens.

To her husband.

“Though I feel gratified that you are successful, yes, more than gratified,—I am deeply grateful to Him from whom all success emanates. Surely there is a charm in life, when we see the pleasure of the Lord prospering through our instrumentality. I have with frequency been drawn to a throne of grace on your account, and have enjoyed a peculiar nearness of access to our Father, and been able, with unusual *fervor* and *confidence*, to plead that you might have wisdom, zeal, and energy, commensurate with the importance of your mission. Indeed, I know not whether I am of any use at present, save to employ the means for procuring a divine blessing on yourself and others, who are actively engaged in the *great cause*. Chalmers, in one of his sermons, imputes the eminence and usefulness of piety and talent which sometimes are so conspicuous in promoting and establishing the divine cause, to the prayers of those who, in secret and obscurity, plead the accompaniment of the divine blessing on the use of means. I have often thought, when on my tours for the Bible Society, if I could but secure the prayers of one who loved the cause, though they were in the world poor and of little esteem, I did more for the promotion of my object, than from gathering the money of the thoughtless rich.”

To the same.

“Mr. C. of Poughkeepsie, desired me to present his affectionate regards to you, when I wrote. I told him he must remember you in his Sabbath school Concert prayer meeting; for I believed if the people of God only prayed for you, your exertions would be successful. Indeed, however discouraging the aspect of things may be at times, I do believe that the cause you have embark-

ed in, must ultimately prove triumphant. It has received so many distinguished pledges of the divine favor, that I hope you will allow your heart to be cheered by the recollection of them, rather than indulge discouragement for a moment, on account of passing inauspicious circumstances. When you shall have ceased to be an actor on life's scene, I verily believe that many will 'rise up to call you blessed' for the services rendered and good effected in this important species of benevolence. Let us wait upon the Lord and be of good cheer, and in due time we shall rejoice to see the work blessed of him, through your instrumentality. Indeed, the belief that you are engaged in a great work, makes me resigned to the privations and self-denial we endure, that you may prosecute it; and nothing but *decided* evidences that God called to another sphere, would make me willing to relinquish it. What if we, by an exchange, procured present ease and happiness, and gratified our hearts' desires, if we abandoned *duty* to gain these, I feel assured that God would send something to corrode, as he prepared a worm to destroy Jonah's gourd. * * * * *

"When I think of your desertion of home, your self-denials, and other concomitant unpleasantnesses, for the promotion of good, a sadness and tenderness comes over my heart, and my affections cling to you with a closeness and sacredness, which seems more like the hallowed affection that appertains to a state of blessedness than that which is felt by a poor mortal for its fellow. When we were together, I felt as if you and my child constituted the great ties to the world: now it seems as if these ties were in a great measure loosened. I look on the scene around me, as a transient pageant, and can scarcely feel that my happiness is dependent on any of its objects. I seem to be on the very verge of eternity, and to live in the light of it."

Some months afterwards she expressed herself as follows:

"* * * * * I frequently feel the anticipation of the enjoyments of heaven, to be the dawn of it in my soul. To be disencumbered of a body, in which disease must be endured, temptation and sin conflicted with, and which operates as a shackle to the soul; to feel the freedom of spirit without a fetter; to move with the celerity with which we now think; to find ourselves in the company of those who are immaculate in their nature, whose every act is dictated by a spirit of love and benevolence; to be exempt from *sin and sorrow forever*; to observe the incessantly developing glories of the divine character, and find ourselves continually becoming more and more assimilated to it; to study the operations of his wise and mysterious providence, as they have advanced from the commencement of time, and particularly that connected with ourselves, and find what was dark, becoming luminous to our vision, to love God without alloy, and serve him without imperfection; to be making new discoveries of the benefit of the plan of redemption and salvation, as applied to the inhabitants of our world, and other worlds; to be advancing in knowledge forever, and becoming acquainted with the creative power and goodness displayed in the multifarious works of God throughout his great universe, and his various orders of beings,—will indeed be a 'weight of glory' that will make us wonder that the expectation of it did not fully buoy us up under the puny trials and sorrows of this vale of tears. What manner of people should we be, who cherish such expectations! How supremely should we be devoted to the Redeemer, and live above the world! But alas our lives do not exemplify enough the influence of the spirit of grace. The predominant features of my experience lately, have been a desire to know and be conformed to the will of God, a more close scrutiny of my motives, and a bringing of them-out before God for examination, with prayer that they may be such as he shall approve."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, July 11, 1827.

Dear husband,

I received your last from Boston, by which I am happy to learn that you are well, and proceeding pleasantly in your labors. Indeed I wish to be grateful that there are *any* symptoms of success and good accomplished. How many

of the dear servants of God have toiled on with their mighty work, under accumulated and heart-sickening discouragements, and during their lives, saw scarcely any of the precious results of their labors! Such was Scott. It certainly does sweeten toil to see something now; but I think the most valuable fruits will grow out of your exertions, when you shall be one of the great congregation of the dead. You are merely introducing the leaven. My life is now, I believe, almost useless. I try to do something to form the minds of Mary and Thomas, and try to pray for you. This is pretty much all that I do. I sometimes, dear love, when I think of the weight and responsibility of your duties, almost sicken at heart. I know you have energy, unwearied diligence, and rely on an arm of strength with prayerful heart; but I often fear that through some little negligence, some little want of discretion in conversation, your reputation may be sullied. Pray be careful not to talk much of self, or of the various characters with whom you become acquainted. Truly we both need to live very near to God in prayer. Alas! I feel I am dreadfully deficient.

May the Lord abundantly bless you by the manifestation of his Spirit to your soul, guide you by its unerring and blessed influence, and cause you to be eminently useful in contributing to the stability of His church, and its preservation from error, by what you are doing for the youth. May he cause all to love you, because they see in you the genuine child of God, who makes it his meat and drink to do the will of his Master; and wherever you go, may you leave a savor of piety that shall be long felt, is the prayer of

Yours, in an eternal union,

Lydia M. Malcom."

In August, 1827, it began to be apparent that it was her husband's duty to settle in Boston, over the Federal Street Church, then about to be formed. She viewed this change with her accustomed reference to eternity, and religiously committed herself and the event to God. The following are extracts from letters written at this time:

"As to the Boston New Baptist Church, there must be many and satisfactory evidences in the providence of the Most High, to assure us that his voice directs. Your present employment, though replete with self-denial and toil, and though a weight of responsibility is incumbent upon you, which frequently makes me feel sad on your account, and urges me to plead that grace may abundantly sustain you, yet *it is an employment* from which must issue blessed results to the church of Christ, which shall be as enduring as time, and develop themselves throughout eternity. I should wish that there might be fasting and prayer among the people, that God would provide them a pastor, and their hearts be directed as the heart of one, if you are the man. The first pastor of a new church, more than any succeeding one, gives the tone of piety, and forms the character of the church, which is transmitted to distant generations."

"I should be exceedingly pleased to live and die in Philadelphia, If Boston is to be our residence, it will undoubtedly be a great self-denial. It has not a single attraction for me; and I shrink at the thought of rigorous winters. But though such a preference is irrepressible, my mind is solaced with the conviction, that a prosecution of duty, and the favor and presence of God, constitutes happiness. I hope you will be very deliberate in your decision, and not led to it by *scanty evidences* of duty."

After Mr. M. had concluded to accept the call, she says, "Respecting Boston, and your decision, I have only to say, that I believe you have made use of every means in your power to discover duty, and I would act in accordance with its dictates. The God of Providence has various ways in which he can make amends for the sacrifices and self-denials it will cost, and I can readily trust Him to furnish the requisite qualifications for usefulness, in a sphere of his own appointment. It will be a severe shock to poor papa.—Oh that God would in mercy draw him to seek supreme happiness in Himself!"

Her field was now wide, and her strong mental powers, superior education, and obvious desire to be useful, soon brought her to conspicuous and important stations. In all these she *labored*. It was her principle to hold no office, on which she could not bestow some reasonable share of attention. Many proposals of this sort were therefore declined, particularly those which had no special reference to children. Prudent and saving in all the small affairs of her family, she never postponed or passed by any duties in these offices, because it involved hack-hire, or any other expense. With all her feebleness of health, therefore, she accomplished an amount of labor, which many of more vigorous habits would have deemed impossible.

On her first arrival, she took charge of the Female department of the Federal Street Sunday school, and continued there till her journey to Europe, after which her circumstances, and those of the family, forbid its resumption. Weather alone never detained her from her post, and no impediments diminished her resolution. Anxious to make it a model school, she obtained the best plans for the structure and arrangement of benches, &c., and had a large room in the basement story of the meeting-house fitted up with every attainable advantage. As the congregation was in its infancy, with numerous and very heavy expenses, she formed a *Sewing circle*, which earned in a year or two, several hundred dollars, and defrayed the entire expense of these improvements.

The *salvation* of the scholars, was ever the point toward which she bent her energies and hopes. Every arrangement had regard to this. It was her rule, that the teachers should be all hopefully pious or evidently awakened. Occasionally, through necessity, there were exceptions, but all of these have ultimately become members of the church. A large number of the scholars have become followers of God as dear children.

At the formation of the "Infant School Society of the city of Boston" she was chosen a manager, and so extensive and acceptable were her efforts and abilities in this enterprise, that on the resignation of the First Directress she was chosen to that office, and continued with increased ardor to prosecute this benevolent work. She visited the scholars at their homes—often attended the school—furnished apparel in proper cases to the destitute—welcomed to her home such as came to the city to be qualified as instructors—and continued to possess the undivided confidence of the various denominations who composed the Society.

In 1831, Mrs. M. accompanied her husband to Europe, for the recovery of his health. On this journey she kept a diary, which is replete with astute and correct remarks on men, scenery, buildings, institutions and productions. Her observations on the wretched superstitions and ignorance forced upon her notice in Italy, Ireland, Prussia and France, show the deepest sympathy for the deluded and corrupted victims of the priestcraft and clerical infidelity, prevalent in these popish states.

Every where, she made it her prime business to visit and inspect Infant Schools. This she did, not merely from inclination, but as a duty connected with her station in the Boston Infant School Society. That at Geneva she considered vastly superior to all others she visited, so far as regarded the liberal, wise, and extensive *arrangements* for the pupils. As it was not in session at the time of her visit, she could not witness its operations. Every important school was visited, and all such tracts, &c. purchased as tended to qualify her to impart the highest degree of life and energy into the schools of her society at home. Little did she think, while devoting herself to these objects, that her Master was about so soon to elevate her to another sphere!

After her return to the United States, there occurred no material change in her life or character. At this time she kept no diary, and to make numerous extracts from her letters would be monotonous. A single specimen may show how constantly she regarded the true intent of life even in "minor troubles."

"Boston, April 30th, 1832.

"I hope that all these minor troubles may be, under the divine blessing, subservient to bringing you into nearer and more sacred intercourse with the 'Father of our spirits.' I have often thought that God has blessed purposes to accomplish by means of the afflictive dispensations which are appointed to his servants. There is so much of living in public, where they are encompassed by such an atmosphere of excitement, so few auspicious opportunities for calm meditation and prayer, that it seems indispensably necessary that they should sometimes be laid aside from their labors, that their own hearts may be cultivated, their graces perfected, and the whole spirit become more meet for the kingdom of heaven. After all that is said about talents and education, it is most important for utility in the world, that there should be heavenly-mindedness, and exemplification of the Christian character; and these are to be produced in part by afflictive dispensations. The Lord abundantly sanctify yours to you, and cause them to produce in your heart and life the blessed fruits of righteousness. May you be enabled to feel what was expressed by Dr. Ryland in the following lines.

' Though often my mind is dejected,
Yet will I not dare to repine:
My trials I know are selected
By wisdom and goodness divine.

My Father's severest correction
Shall work in the end for my good;
Nor ought I to doubt his affection,
Though all be not yet understood.

Whatever to him brings me nearer,
From earth, and from sin weans my heart—
Makes Christ and his Spirit still dearer,
I ought to receive in good part.' "

In the latter part of 1832, as she approached a confinement, a cough attended her for many weeks, with an extraordinary sense of pressure on the lungs, which afterwards proved to be dropsy in the chest. At that time, no such suspicions were entertained, and it was hoped that the birth of the child would remove every uncomfortable symptom. The reverse proved true. Her weakness immediately increased. A consultation of physicians pronounced her case dangerous. Another, soon after, declared her hopeless. The solemn fact was immediately communicated to her. She evidently received it as glad tidings of great joy. She had previously said little during her illness; but now, as though refreshed and excited, she entered largely into her feelings and desires. "Oh!" said she, "how sweet is the reflection, that when I was young, and all the world radiant before me, I gave myself to Christ." "I have no fears of death." Many days elapsed after this, during which she often testified her strong confidence in Christ. "This is not the way I expected to die," she remarked "but I am content; and as to going *now*, I suppose I should never find a better time."

On several occasions she remarked "I have no tie!" "I have no tie!" She had always dreaded bodily pain, and was accustomed to speak of it, as her chief terror in the anticipation of death. A merciful God excused her from enduring what she had so dreaded. She scarcely knew pain in all the last three or four weeks, except from weakness, and the weariness of a continued recumbent posture. She sent a solemn message to her beloved father, and gave directions as to many minor matters to be attended to after her death; was exceedingly patient, and grateful for attentions; tried to be useful to those about her; and never alluded to her approaching dissolution but in terms of happy confidence. She several times said, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God;" frequently calling herself "a poor sinner" she would speak of the wondrous love and per-

fect righteousness of Christ, and and the confidence she cherished in his imputed righteousness. Nothing seemed to disturb her. She adventured all on Christ, and though indwelling sin had often wrung her heart, she had glorious confidence in him, and felt that her deliverance drew nigh. She could say—

“The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading *what my Lord has done !*”

Very early on the morning of January, 15th 1833, she showed signs of dissolution. Her husband asked her if she knew that these were her *last moments*. She replied she did. “Do you feel the same entire confidence and happiness, you cherished when death was at a greater distance?” “I do,” was her reply;—but her breathing had now become too difficult to converse. Putting forth her hand, she firmly took hold of Mr. M’s, and for two hours never relinquished it a moment. Indeed *she* never relaxed the grasp. Death, and death only loosed it. Little was said, for little was necessary; and her own reflections were deemed better than any that could be offered. Her preparations had been fully made. Mr. M. asked her if she had any pain? she said “No.” As her breathing gradually changed into little sighs, he inquired if she found the *very act of dying* as sweet as she had anticipated when it was at a greater distance? She nodded an immediate assent. From this time there was not a sigh nor a movement. Her eyes, which had been shut, because languidly open, and moved from side to side, as if surveying the attendant convoy of happy spirits. They ceased to move, and looked up steadily; her breathing changed into short and distant inspirations, and presently ceased forever! All present instantly knelt, while her bereft and afflicted, but divinely sustained husband offered fervent prayer for her ascending spirit.

Seldom has so deep a sensation been created in this city by the demise of any female as by that of Mrs. Malcom. Not only the vast congregation to which she belonged, and the societies which had enjoyed her services, but many who had been slightly acquainted, and still more who had only heard of her character and labors, felt that she was a public loss. To gratify these, and yet secure the tranquillity of the afflicted family, she was immediately placed in a front parlor, where, for several days, hundreds called to see her beautiful remains. Many of the ministers of the city honored her funeral with their attendance, which, however, was conducted in the plainest and humblest manner possible.

Thus have superior talents, refined and polished manners, extensive attainments, and personal beauty, been withdrawn from earth. Thus has the husband of her youth, and of her only love, been left to finish his pilgrimage alone. And thus have three sons and a daughter lost the guide of their infancy. But it is well—both for her and the survivors—infinately, eternally well.

“Lift not thou the wailing voice ;
Weep not—’tis a Christian dieth :—
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth ;
High, in heaven’s own light, she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing !

They who die in Christ are blessed ;—
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving :
So, be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope, that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth !”

Bp. DOANE.

It is difficult to decide what was Mrs. M's leading characteristic. In the early period of her life, *resolution* was, perhaps, her most obvious trait; but it gradually subsided into *caution*, though without degenerating into timidity. She was seldom off her guard among strangers, and, even among her best friends, took care to say nothing which she was not willing should be repeated. The consequence was, that she never was the cause of any misunderstanding or difficulty in her husband's church; and, though many felt unreconciled to her not visiting them, she never incurred ill will.

The *desire of usefulness* amounted to a passion, even at her first conversion, and continued a steady impulse to the end. Few persons came to the house, or fell in her way, on whom she did not urge, personally, the subject of religion. Many have spoken, both before and since her death, of their deriving important benefit from her pointed and solemn conversation. As to letters, she early made a resolution, named in her diary of that time, never to write to any one without urging religious considerations in some part of it; and from that rule it is not known that she ever deviated.

Her love and care for the *souls of her children*, was at all times remarkable, and hours would be spent in prayer for them, even before they were born. Her highest, indeed, her only, ambition for them, was, their conversion, and usefulness in the church. The anniversary of the birth of each child was always kept as a day of fasting and prayer.

In presiding at the meetings of Female Societies, she was resolute to preserve exact order and decorum, by which she always accomplished business with despatch, and without that irregular and *invisible* mode of operating, which scarcely ever fails to leave some ignorant of what is done, or displeased at the manner. Resolutions were passed by the Infant School Society, and transmitted to Mr. M., showing how affectionately she is remembered by those, who called her to preside over that important institution. Similar resolutions were passed in several other societies, with which she was connected at the time of her decease.

She was accustomed, from her first conversion, to think and speak of death, with great pleasure and desire. Many extracts might be given from her letters and diary, showing how perfectly she was prepared to give that messenger a cordial and joyous welcome. Under date of June 30, 1819, she thus writes in her diary: "In the afternoon a lady took tea with us, who is devoid of piety. Before she came, I prayed that the Lord would make my conversation profitable. She had not long been with us before it thundered and lightened. She made an exclamation, and appeared very much appalled. She asked me if I was afraid of thunder and lightning? 'Not in the least,' I replied, 'I am prepared for death.'—'What! did you say you were prepared to die?' 'Yes,' I rejoined. 'But are you not afraid?' I answered, that there was nothing for me to fear; that I felt it my duty to live near to God, and be ready to depart whenever it was his will; that death would emancipate me from the dominion of sin, and a world diversified with vicissitudes of affliction, and introduce me to the enjoyment of immortal blessedness. She in surprise asked me if I felt confident of going to heaven. I said, 'Yes, because I rely wholly on Christ Jesus. I have nothing to recommend me to the favor of God—my righteousness 'is as filthy rags;' but Christ died for sinners, and I feel that I am one of the chief of sinners. All my hope and trust is in him, and I am confident of going to heaven, because, 'whoever believes in him shall not be confounded.' She said, if those are your sentiments, you must be one of the happiest people in the world. I told her that the happiness I enjoyed was offered to every one. She disbelieved that every one could possess it.—I contended that they can, by diligently seeking God, and living near to him by meditation and prayer. We pursued the conversation, I trust, with profit." That this happy confidence did not desert her in the hour of conflict, is abundantly evident in the narration of her departing moments. Death, though sudden and unexpected, did not take her by surprise. She was habitually and actually prepared for his coming.

Mrs. M. always expressed herself in common conversation with great exactness and elegance. In *prayer*, this rich fluency of expression was remarkably apparent. No one could be present without being struck with the depth, fervor, and extent of her religious conceptions. She seemed entirely insensible of the presence of others, while, with gushing tears, and multiplied arguments, she literally wrestled with God. She never refused to conduct family worship, when fatigue or indisposition induced her husband to desire it; and in his absence from home, if the gentlemen who might be staying at the house, were not professors of religion, or declined to officiate, she never failed to go through the service herself.

It was her habit, always to spend some portion of the week preceding the communion, to solemn preparation for that delightful and most important ordinance. The consequence was, that generally she enjoyed both pleasure and profit in its celebration. From many similar passages in her diary, the following is a specimen:—

“July 4th, 1819. Celebrated the supper instituted by our Lord Jesus. During the week previous, I had implored the Lord to prepare all our hearts, that we might approach and know our own weaknesses, and how to estimate our Saviour’s merits.—I have often been surprised, that, whilst contemplating the elements consecrated to the memory of my Saviour’s death, I am not more solemnly affected; and chide my heart for having so little sympathy for those sufferings that procured my redemption. To-day, I thought myself a poor reptile, that I could look on the symbols of his crucified body, without feeling my heart distended with grief. After endeavoring to ascertain the cause, I felt a joyous idea gleam through my mind. I thought that our Lord had died to purchase happiness for his followers, and that he does not command them to be sorrowful whilst participating in this relic of his love, but to do it ‘in remembrance of him;’ to call to mind his exalted attributes, and, by reminding us of his sufferings, and by the most powerful and exquisite passions of the human soul—gratitude and love—be constrained to desire to partake more and more of the divine effulgence of his graces.”

A few days afterwards, she says: “I rejoice that my irritable disposition is more subdued: perfect the work, O Lord, and, by its complete extirpation, may I give evidence of the conquests of the cross. My heart delights more to attend frequently the house of God. I have lately experienced a more ardent panting for holiness, than I ever before remember having felt. Thou hast promised, Lord, that those that ‘hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled.’ In me accomplish it, I pray. For the last few days I have felt an uncommon and deep concern for Christless souls. I plead with the Lord for them, and entreated him to grant that the power of his Spirit should preside on my lips, that I may be blessed to them. I felt, at the sacramental celebration of infinite love, that I had never experienced such happiness before.”

In regard to her husband, she was chiefly remarkable for a constant and earnest desire to sustain and assist him as a Christian minister. Though his engagements scarcely allowed time to sit down with her ten minutes at a time, during their whole connection, she never demanded more attention, or cherished impatience. She often spoke of it, even with tears, but regarded it as a cross, cheerfully to be borne for the good of others. To contribute to his usefulness, either by what she could do, or what she could forego, was as her meat and drink. Hence she cheerfully wrote* or read for him, at any time, saw visitors, attended market, and saved his time in every possible way. When he was specially engaged, she would wait on the front door, that only those who really needed an interview, should be admitted, and that those who did not see him might not be offended by the indiscretions or bluntness of a servant. She especially revered him as her spiritual father, and often alluded to that fact in her

* Her penmanship was remarkably elegant and flowing.

letters and conversation. None loved and sought his ministry more than she, or felt more deeply the privation of it when kept at home. She strove to make his home a place of rest and peace; and though naturally of an unamiable disposition, she made herself, through grace, one of the best of wives, and lived, during her thirteen years of married life, in as great a share of conjugal felicity as falls to the lot of most.

Her mind was habitually established in assurance of hope. The firm and seldom shaken belief, that her salvation was settled, and that she was chosen in Christ, to be a vessel of mercy, had given her a holy contempt of earth, and she had no regrets on leaving it. Though humbled in the dust under a consciousness of her entire want of personal merit, she looked away from herself, and trusted in the eternal covenant between the Father and the Son, as the tower of her strength and salvation. Dwelling on its vastness, its magnificence, its certainty, she longed to realize her splendid imaginings; and when the convoy came, she spread the pinions of faith, and joyously soared to God.

Reader! follow them "who by faith and patience inherit the promises."—God grant that the perusal of this memoir may not rise up in judgment against you!

POETRY.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

Who hath not felt the burning tear
Fall from his mourning eye?

Who, that is sent to wander here,
Hath never breathed a sigh?

Who hath not wept some cherished joy,
Forever from him flown?

Who hath not grieved for friends who died,
And left him all alone?

Who, with a heart of gentle mould,
Hath felt not sorrow's flow,
When all the sources of its peace
Have turned to springs of wo?

Meekly the tender, pliant flower,
When comes the driving storm,
Bendeth unto its wrathful power
Its unresisting form—
Sweet, though the sun again may smile,
And all the sky be fair,
The plant but languisheth a while—
Then fades and withers there,

So, though the grief that rent the breast
May lose its sharpest sting,
No earthly joy, of gentle hearts
Can mend the broken string.

Yet, weep not, Christian, there's a world,
Where every heart shall be
Lost in unutterable joy—
That joy shall come to thee.
There shall thy dearest friends to thee
Their fond affection tell;
And, in the language of the sky,
Shall be no word—*farewell.*

The burning tear no more shall flow,
No more the bosom sigh;
No wind of pain and sorrow blow,
Nor friends grow pale and die.
The tender heart, with all in heaven
Shall sweet communion hold;
Nor weep that love is faithless grown,
Nor kind affections cold.

The flower, that by the tempest's might
On the wet earth was laid,
Shall rise and bloom in joyous light,
And smile, no more to fade.
Peace, then, thou tender, weeping one;
Thou hast heaven's sympathy;
Thou dost not bear thy grief alone—
Thy Saviour cares for thee.

THOUGHTS FOR MINISTERS.

Exertion for the good of others may be connected with *self-neglect*. Every object that gains much of our attention and interest is apt to draw us off from the vigorous cultivation of personal piety; and though such an effect might be little anticipated from pursuits of a religious kind, yet experience has abundantly shown that they are in this respect little, if at all, less dangerous than

secular engagements. We may easily devote ourselves with so much eagerness to efforts of pious usefulness, as to overlook in part, or to pursue with less earnestness and diligence, the important exercises of the closet. The time allotted to these exercises may be infringed upon and shortened; or the attention paid to the discipline of the heart therein may become less close and severe, through the distraction of the mind. This ill effect is so much the more probable, as it may seem to be justified by a sufficient reason. We should not suffer ourselves to abridge our closet duties, perhaps, for worldly business or pleasure; but to make this sacrifice for the sake of doing good to the souls of men is a different thing, and one for which much more may be said. It is, besides, much more easy and agreeable to employ ourselves in probing another's heart, than in examining our own. Of all the exercises of piety, those of the closet are the most difficult and unwelcome. They bring us under the weightiest influences of eternal things, and into an immediate strife with our inbred iniquities; they lead to self-reproof; they call for humiliation and renunciation of sin; they awaken strenuous effort: but the instruction and persuasion of others can be conducted without any of this trouble, and, indeed, with a sense of pleasure and satisfaction; so that, whenever it is thought allowable to transfer our attention to this latter object, there is a great probability of its being preferred. And why, we may sometimes ask, why should it not be allowable? The occupation is wholly of a religious nature; and may it not reasonably be expected, that in promoting the edification of others we shall find our own?

These plausible and seductive representations do but conceal a snare. They lead us, while keeping the vineyards of others, to neglect that which demands our more immediate care, and thus both to inconsistency, to mischief, and to sin.

1. Neglect of personal piety is *sinful*, inasmuch as the cultivation of the heart is our primary duty. It matters not that what we are doing is good and useful; the maintenance of fellowship with God, the advancement of conformity to his image, the vigorous mortification of sin, are obligatory on us above all things, even above all good things; and there is no recititude in neglecting a primary duty in order to attend to a secondary one. If with respect to efforts for usefulness it may be said, these things ought ye to have done; with respect to exercises of closet piety it may be said, also, these ought ye not to have left undone. By the neglect of them God is dishonored and displeased. That we have been teaching the ignorant and reclaiming the lost, is no sufficient apology for the omission of those expressions of gratitude, dependence, and dedication, which are perpetually due from us to our Maker and our Lord.

2. Neglect of personal piety cannot be otherwise than *mischievous*. It is mischievous to ourselves, because it infallibly leads to declension. However willingly we may suppose that spirituality and holiness may be preserved by being in the midst of engagements of a religious nature, it will be uniformly found that this is not the fact. A lively state of mind in religion can never be maintained with a deserted closet. The heart requires to be often withdrawn from all inferior objects, and to be brought into immediate intercourse with the Father of spirits; otherwise, the sense of our relation to him is speedily lost, and with it every thing that is influential or valuable in religion. It is in his light that we see light. Whatever power the things of an eternal world may at any time have exercised upon us, if we are not frequently looking at them afresh, their influence will quickly fade, and soon altogether vanish. The evils of the heart, if it be not habitually searched and disciplined, will resume a rapid growth, and acquire a prevailing dominion. To neglect the cultivation of personal piety, therefore, is inevitably to consign it to decay; and this is surely a most serious mischief. What can recompense us for a lukewarm and a deadened heart? What will be to us even the salvation of others, if we ourselves should perish? What will it avail us to have kept the vineyards of others, if our own be unfruitful?

But the mischief of a neglected heart is not confined to ourselves; it will extend also to others, and to the very exertions we are making for their good. For what is the impulse of these exertions? What is it that awakens us to

the condition of the ungodly, that quickens our sloth, that subdues our shame, that unseals our lips, that inspires us with earnest solemnity? Is it not the force of inward piety, the power with which we realize the objects of a future world, and the influences we derive from communion with our beloved Lord? And when these decay, what is to become of the efforts which have sprung from them? They will infallibly decay also. You will lose your anxiety to be useful; the wretchedness of sinners will affect you less deeply; you will want a more powerful summons to draw you to the scenes of guilt and misery; you will be less prompt in improving opportunities, and even in seeing them; you will act with less vigor; you will yield to the influence of sinful shame; you will be less earnest and solemn in your address; and the efforts of usefulness which you do not abandon will be converted into a routine of duties, cold, heartless, and loathed. And will all this be no mischief? What, to see those very exertions for the sake of which you have sacrificed your soul's prosperity, lie around you in neglected fragments, half abandoned, and wholly unprofitable? Dreadful result! Yet the sure issue of a neglected heart.

3. It must be added, that the neglect of personal piety, while you are seeking the conversion of others, is glaringly *inconsistent*. The principles which impel you to one are clearly adapted to lead you to both. If you value the soul of another because you have first learned to value your own, it is surely strange that, while you are caring for the spiritual welfare of others, your own should be forgotten. What can be the reason or the meaning of this? Either your neglect of personal piety throws ridicule on your concern for others, or your concern for them should put your negligence to shame. If the concerns of religion be important enough to lead you to press them on the attention of another, how is it that they do not engage your own? Some grievous inconsistency is here; and one from which you should make an instant escape, if you would not have all your exertions for others' good converted into cutting reproofs of your sin and folly.

See to it, then, dear brethren, that if, as I hope, you are diligent in endeavoring to turn sinners unto God, you are not thereby seduced from a close walk with him yourselves. While keeping the vineyards of others, remember the paramount importance of cultivating your own: think of the sin, the mischief, the inconsistency of neglecting it; and so pursue every course of activity for the souls of men, that you may never have to utter the bitter lamentation, "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Our exertions may give rise to *self-complacency*, or spiritual pride. Pride, which reigns in the heart of a carnal man, exists in that of the spiritual, and is ready to avail itself of every thing on which it can feed. We shall not make many efforts to do good without having occasion to acknowledge its exercise; and if we are not, like Jehu, betrayed into the exclamation, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts," we may detect ourselves in the indulgence of a secret satisfaction and complacency of no hallowed kind. I need not say to any experimental Christian that this is a great evil. With all the sweetness which there may be in a feeling of self-complacency, there is in it no *happiness*: this lies in contrition and brokenness of heart. The indulgence of spiritual pride, indeed, constitutes a state of miserable inflation, in which there is no breathing of the soul after God, and can be none of his complacency in us; which tends to conceal every sin, to extinguish every grace, and to annihilate every impulse of action and all sense of obligation. It is a state in which piety cannot prosper, in which every evil is rapidly generated, and which is never remedied but by painful and heart-breaking exercises.

The methods of preventing or mortifying such an evil are of the most obvious kind. As no feeling is more ready to arise, so none has less cause. It is only to look it in the face, and recall a few familiar facts, and it will be withered and put to shame. It is not at all necessary that, for this purpose, we should overlook or depreciate whatever in us may be really devoted or laborious. Humility needs not to be fostered by delusions. It does not consist in seeing

ourselves otherwise than we are, but in taking a right view of ourselves as we are. It is pride that is generated in falsehood, and nurtured by misrepresentation. Let it be admitted that you are in some measure, and, perhaps, in a considerable measure, active for God and the souls of men; set your labors before your eyes in their just magnitude and proportion; estimate them at their full value, and allow of no undue acknowledgments of sloth, of no spurious and uncalled-for abasement; and still we say, that you need but recollect two or three things, to exterminate your pride, and cover you with shame.

1. It is in the first place, to be remembered, that whatever we have done has been moved by the Spirit of God, and not by our own. Devotedness to God and compassion for the souls of men are among the last things which would ever have been in our hearts, if we had been left to ourselves. Sloth, self-indulgence, shame, fear, indifference, these are our natural characteristics, and they would have remained so to this day, had it not been for the communication of an influence from heaven of which we are utterly unworthy. Touching as the considerations are which we have now been brought to feel, our hearts are base enough to have long disregarded them all; and in order to render us alive to them, it has required no less than an almighty power. And are we going to feed our spiritual pride with this? Verily, we ought rather to be overwhelmed with shame. What infinite condescension was it, that the blessed Spirit should transfuse his gracious influences into such hearts as ours, and make us the instruments by which he would display the wonders of his grace! Can it ever become a question with us, to whom the praise of such efforts belongs?

2. We may recollect, too, that, even if we have done *all* that corresponds with our obligations to our Lord and Saviour, we have done *no more*. We have been barely just. That which we have dedicated to him is only that which he first gave us; and which is become doubly his, by the costly purchase of redeeming blood. Not the smallest portion of it could we have withheld from him, without the perpetration of a robbery; and the consecration of all our powers and resources to our Lord is but a compliance with the most powerful and constraining obligations. Of what, then can, we be proud? If we had been showing kindness to one who had no claims upon us, if we had been rendering gratuitous service,—then, indeed, some little complacency might be pleaded for; but what man would think of making a boast that he was actually honest, and had neither robbed his master nor his creditors? Yet this is all we can say, even if we have done *all* that we might have done; and this is the sentiment which our Lord teaches us to adopt, when he says, “Having done all, say ye, we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do.”

3. But we may go further than this. Let us take a just view of our obligations, and we shall find cause to acknowledge that we have come most afflictively short of them. One great reason, indeed, why our pride finds so much to feed upon, is, that we suffer ourselves to take so very contracted and erroneous a view of our duty. We compare ourselves most readily, either with ourselves at some former period, or with others at the present; and if we find that we are more active than others are, or than we once were, we almost infallibly indulge complacency on this account. But nothing can be more fallacious than such an estimate. Let us cease from these delusive and mischievous comparisons, and turn to a different standard. The question for us to ask is, what are our obligations. What extent of dedication do they require? With what power of motive do they enforce it? We cannot doubt for a moment that there is required of us an *entire* dedication to the glory and service of God; the dedication of every power, of every moment; the use of every means, the improvement of every opportunity; without fear, without shame, without apathy, without weariness. Nor can any thing be more touching or influential, than the motives by which this entire consecration is pressed upon us. What can be of more weighty justice than our obligation to him that made us? Or what of more constraining tenderness than the love of him that re-

deemed us? Are we bought with a price, even with the precious blood of Christ, so that we are no more our own, but his? Are we by him reconciled to God, and restored to his friendship? And what if we fail in the duties of friendship so restored, or withhold in any degree the dedication of a heart and life so purchased? Yet this is what we have done. To whatever extent our devotedness may have been carried, none of us can pretend for a moment that it has been perfect and without fault. But this is to say far too little. In comparison with the prompt and habitual dedication required of us, how much have we manifested of indifference and sloth, of self-indulgence and neglect! How often have we been unobservant of opportunities, or slow in improving them! How often have we been withheld by fear, or by a guilty shame! How often has the spirit of dedication been wanting in our exertions, so that there has been little or nothing in them, on which our Lord could cast an approving smile! With all our activity, then, there still remains much to be lamented, much of criminal ingratitude, much of unkind return for love which ought to set all our hearts on fire; and with such a load of iniquity lying on us, is it possible we can swell out with pride? Are we going so to look at what we have done for Christ, as to overlook what we have not done; and to pass by so much ingratitude without any shame and bitterness of spirit? Let it never be, while our very services contain so much to abase us, and require to be presented at the footstool of our gracious Lord, unworthy offerings as they are, with so much shame and confusion of face.

[Hinton.]

INTERPRETATION OF ISAIAH lxxv. 20.

“There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner, being an hundred years old, shall be accursed.”

Though the Bible is, in the main, a plain book, some passages in it are obscure to most readers. This arises from one of the three following sources—first, figurative language throws over them a veil which cannot be penetrated without a good degree of hermeneutical skill. Secondly, allusion is made to circumstances of which the reader may have no knowledge; or thirdly, there is some obscurity, or, perhaps error, in the translation.

With all due respect to the translators of the Bible, we are at liberty to exercise our own judgment. Every verse *ought* to be intelligible; and if it is not, there is fault somewhere; it *may be* in the translators. This is partly the case, we apprehend, in the passage quoted. The obscurity is also partly owing to an allusion to remote history.

Before making any particular remarks upon the passage, we shall venture to propose the following version:

No more, from that time, shall there be an infant short-lived, nor an aged man who hath not fulfilled his days; for he that dieth at an hundred years, shall die a child; but the sinner, dying at an hundred years, shall be deemed accursed.

The question has been raised among commentators, whether the expression *thence*, in our version, refers to *time* or *place*. Lowth prefers the latter. The context, however, leads rather to the *former*. The present and preceding chapters in the prophet, treat of the happy state of the church in future ages, under the image of a restored Jerusalem. Nothing then could be more natural for him to say, than what follows in this verse. The rendering chosen makes this reference distinct.

“No more *from that time* shall be an infant short-lived.”

An infant short-lived, or an *infant of days*, means a child whose age is counted by days—not amounting to years. The term in the original is used in two other places, by the same prophet to designate “an unweaned infant.”

Parental affection would surely esteem it a blessing of the latter days, worthy to be mentioned, that the bud of promise should be continued and ripened, to become the support of age, and the joy of declining years.

The following paragraph—"Nor an aged man, who hath not fulfilled his days"—may be thus paraphrased:—However aged a man may be, the infirmities of age shall not come so fast, nor diseases and sorrows gather so thickly about him, as to cut off life, until a remote period. This part of the verse will become more clear by noticing that which immediately succeeds:—"He that dies at an hundred years, shall die a child!"

The Hebrew word for child, in this passage, is very extensive in its uses. It is applied to the infant Moses, in his ark of bulrushes, floating on the Nile. It is also used of Joseph, when he was seventeen years old, and of Solomon, when he was already king. It is, besides, a generic name of a servant—like *puer* in Latin, *pais* in Greek, and the corresponding word in the languages of modern Europe.

The passage is somewhat obscure in any translation; but the common version makes it exceedingly dark; for how can "the child die at an hundred years old?" The meaning is, that, at the time predicted, life shall be so prolonged, that the first hundred years shall be deemed but mere childhood.

This interpretation is confirmed by what follows in verse 23:—

"For as the days of a tree, shall be the days of my people; and my chosen shall wear out the works of their own hands."

The prophet here had in his mind the oaks and terebinths, whose age is equal to that of the oldest of the patriarchs. It is said of the oak, that it is five hundred years in coming to maturity, and as many more in returning to complete decay. Hence, this figure is a very expressive one to designate long life. If all could be believed that has been asserted of the age of trees, it would be still more so. The emperor of China speaks of a tree in his country, which lives more than a hundred ages; and of another, which, after eighty ages, is only in its prime.—"As the days of a tree, shall be the days of my people."

Our phrase, then, only means—he that dies at an hundred years, shall be viewed as dying a child; because the hundredth year of life will be reckoned among the years of childhood.

Long life has been always regarded as a blessing, by the people of all nations. It is among the mercies of the golden age, of which the poets love to talk; and among the rewards which their fables bestowed on their most distinguished men. The patriarchs attained to a great age. The Egyptians, Chaldees, and Indians, coveted an earthly immortality. Among the Arabic poets and heroes, we hear of one who lived a hundred and fifty years, another a hundred and fifty-seven. Nestor, among the Greeks, is said to have lived three generations of men; so that when the Greeks and Latins wished their friends a long and happy life, they used to say—"May you see the days of Nestor." When Tithonus begged of Aurora the greatest blessing of which he could conceive, if he had not forgotten to ask for perpetual *youth* with his immortality, he would have been deemed the happiest of men.

To return to the passage:—

"But the sinner dying at a hundred years, shall be deemed accursed."

The original word, rendered *shall be accursed*, may mean either that God inflicts upon the sinner premature death, or that survivors shall regard with abhorrence the sinner so cut off. The rendering of Gesenius favors the former of these interpretations.

It is allowed by every one, that the prediction of which our passage forms a part, has never been fulfilled in respect to the Jews as a nation. Nor is it necessary that it should be so fulfilled. The Christian church is now the Israel of God. The new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, will be the theatre of all these blessings. And these glorious things are spoken, not of the literal Zion, but of the church in its millennial splendor.

In view of this interpretation, the question naturally arises, whether it may be supposed, that, in those latter days, natural life will be actually prolonged, as in the times of the patriarchs? We answer, probably not; for the apparent necessity for such an arrangement which then existed, will exist no longer. The design of the prophet seems only to be to describe that coming era in a way most lively and striking,—to collect all the most alluring thoughts,—to note the most desirable events,—and to set forth the whole in the richest coloring. He intended to paint the glories of the future, in a way most adapted to attract the notice, and excite the hopes of men. And in order to effect this, he says that death shall not occur to wither longing anticipations, nor darken the delightful scene.

The whole description is a prediction of spiritual blessings, which, from the signs of the times, we are led to believe, will shortly be fulfilled. The morning star rose on our fathers. The mists, that dimmed its first splendor, are passing away. The sun of righteousness is moving onward to his station in the meridian of the spiritual creation. While we rejoice in his cheering beams, let us regard them as the sure harbinger of that flood of glory, which shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

WILLIAM JAY.

Few living preachers occupy so large a space in the public eye, as he whose name stands at the head of this article. There are none, perhaps, who stand so nearly related, partly by personal relation, but especially by resemblance of character, to the venerated men of the last age, who have passed away. The established order of nature, which every year causes some bright luminary in the Christian church to sink below the horizon of life, leads us to regard those which yet remain, with a chaster and deeper feeling of veneration. Their characters and histories gather fresh interest, as the absence of others endears their yet lingering light; or, as time invests them with the hallowed associations of events connected with a long life of usefulness and virtue.

Especially is this feeling of interest predominant, when the individual whose character we contemplate has arisen out of obscurity, and advanced onward in a steady, cloudless path, to its present elevation. In the presence of a luminary like this, shedding its own intense rays of intellectual and moral excellence, the glare of station, the glitter of wealth, and all the borrowed beams of nobility fade away, and are forgotten. The latter, like the flickering flame of the taper, shed around us but a doubtful and inconstant light; while the former pours its warming influences from a path which shines more and more unto the perfect day. With what admiration do we trace the history, and contemplate the character of Joseph, who advanced in consequence of his own worth;—and, notwithstanding every unfavorable circumstance, from the lowest condition of a slave, to the government of Egypt. And of Moses, who, scorning the pleasures of sensuality, and the trappings of princely grandeur, rose, amid every depressing influence, to the highest point of excellence, in all the character of a man, a deliverer, a legislator, and a monarch. And, to mention no more,—of David, who, from the humble occupation of a shepherd's boy, was exalted to the throne of Israel,—an elevation which commanded the homage of the world.

The power which raised these individuals, was a moral power. It was the force of intellect, and the force of piety, combined, which enabled them to surmount the tempest, to escape the pollutions, and to weather the storms of life, until they had attained the object on which they steadily gazed, as on a radiant sun,—the glory of God, and the happiness of his creatures.

Character, in whatever station it may be placed, which aims at these objects, has an attractiveness and dignity, which commands the homage and love of all good hearts; and instances are not wanting, even in our own times, to show that it may fill and adorn stations of high, civil trust. But, while we rejoice in the fact, as affording evidence that the highest eminences of worth are accessible to real merit, and as giving the best solace to the fears of the Christian patriot,—still the associations that linger round such a character, when it fills the sacred place of God's sanctuary, and clothes itself with the attributes of a messenger of grace, we cannot but regard as yet more interesting and attractive.

Why do we regard with so much sublimity, the lives of such individuals? and whence the ever fresh interest with which we trace them through the several stages of their progress, are questions, which, had we room, it would be interesting to examine. But we must waive them with a single remark,—that when to the difficulty of attaining such a standard of character, and the infrequency with which it is attained, we consider the strong points of contrast between its present eminence, and the vale from which it rose, we have some general and more prominent causes of the emotion with which it is viewed. It is as though a mine of the richest ore had removed from it the thin covering of earth that hid it in its mountain-bed, and, subjected to the process of refinement, should expose its polished bosom to the beauty and brilliancy of the skies.

The excellent individual whose name we have already introduced to our readers, we consider to be a fair illustration of this remark. Without the common advantages of birth and fortune, with no accidental appendage of noble ancestry, or family influence, he has arrived at an eminence, not indeed of worldly grandeur and distinction; but what is far better,—an eminence of holy and permanent usefulness. His early history is very interesting, and impressively reminds us of the affecting truth of those beautiful and oft-repeated lines of Gray—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The circumstances of his first introduction to public notice, were simply these:—That excellent man, the Rev. Cornelius Winter, while settled at Marlboro', was in the habit of making frequent preaching excursions in the neighboring villages. On one of these occasions, he visited Tisbury, an inconsiderable and obscure village, and the birth-place of Mr. Jay. Observing in the congregation which had assembled to hear him, a youth of interesting appearance, "he felt his heart," as Mr. Winter himself writes, "unaccountably knit to him"—and some inquiries afterwards made respecting him increased the interest and attachment thus unconsciously awakened. The consequence was, that Mr. Winter, in the spirit of his characteristic benevolence, proposed to this interesting youth, to furnish him, at his own expense, with an education for the ministry. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and Mr. Jay became immediately an inmate of Mr. Winter's dwelling. The deep filial gratitude and affection, which he ever afterwards cherished towards his early benefactor and friend, are beautifully expressed in a line from Homer, with which he closes his preface to the memoirs of Mr. Winter's life:—

"Loved as a son, in him I early found
A father, such as I shall ne'er forget."

From the time that Mr. Jay entered his new home, new virtues in his character were constantly developing themselves. Besides the amiable qualities of his heart, which endeared him to all who came within their influence, he was found to possess a mind of the first order, which, united to uncommon talents for public speaking, rendered him, at the early age of sixteen, the attraction and delight of some of the most numerous and intelligent congrega-

tions of England. How few young men there are, whom such a sudden elevation, and universal applause, would not have ruined! The safeguards of Mr. Jay were his incomparable modesty and humility. These virtues, while they made him insensible to his worth, and indifferent about his popularity, threw over his character a soft and beautiful light, which was the whole charm and secret of his loveliness.

Let no one think that a profusion of attentions can be borne harmlessly, without a proportionate increase of grace;—and let every young person especially remember, that when he ceases to be modest, he ceases to be lovely.

The piety and talents of Mr. Jay soon found an appropriate sphere for their exercise, in Bath, where he was early settled, and where he has ever since remained; increasing, as he has advanced in age, in usefulness,—and gaining, every year, a deeper hold on the affections of the Christian world. What a beautiful example! How fine an exemplification of the passage—"The path of the just, is as the shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day." Mr. Jay is now, as we learn, about sixty-four years of age;—and when we consider the length of time he has lived among the same people,—the growing mutual attachment, which has characterized his ministerial intercourse with them,—and the apparent freshness and vigor of his powers, at this period of life, we cannot but consider him as the happiest instance of prolonged usefulness within our knowledge. Such examples of constancy and perseverance in the pastoral office, and of affection and support on the part of the people, afford one of the highest eulogiums that can be pronounced upon the Christian church.

Mr. Jay has long been known as an author; and the estimation in which his works are held, is fully evinced by the numerous editions through which they have passed, and the extensive use in which they are found. We are pleased with seeing them all now embodied, including some which have never before been published in this country,—in three octavo volumes, comprising in the whole an aggregate of nearly 1800 pages. They consist principally of sermons, essays, biography, and exercises for closet and family devotions. The sermons which Mr. Jay has published, are nearly nine hundred; all of which, as well as the rest of his writings, exhibit marks of originality, variety, beauty and force. His style is terse and sententious, abounding with apt allusions, and striking illustrations. If, occasionally, the elegance of taste, and the embellishments of imagination glow on his pages, they seem kindled, merely by the force of his own solid thoughts, without effort, and without design. He evidently labors more to point than to polish his sermons,—more to reach the heart, than to entertain the fancy. There is nothing like elaborate effort to clothe his sentiments with the costume of beautiful imagery; but his whole aim seems to be to render them useful. He is natural, easy, plain and pungent. No one, in reading him, can experience any thing like satiety or weariness; for he not only awakens interest in his subject, but sustains it throughout. He has points, which, like mile-stones to the traveller, serve to guide and relieve us; and when he has passed one, he flows on in a manner peculiar to himself, to another, without any violation of unity, or any loss of acquired force.

We intimated that Mr. Jay did not possess an exuberance of imagination. We would not, however, say that we think him deficient in imagination. On the contrary, we consider him as possessing the very sensibility of genius, which is at the foundation of this power of mind, and thereby capable of receiving every impression of natural or moral beauty. Nor would we be understood as undervaluing this quality in the public writer or speaker. It needs but a little knowledge of the art of eloquence, to perceive, that it has its seat in some naturally happy temperament, which can enable one to discover himself, and to point to others, the forms of beauty or sublimity in nature and in life, that may exist around him. If, then, imagination is necessary to give us a vivid conception of the object we would describe, or the resemblances we would trace, its value must be obvious to every one. He who has at command the power of selecting and combining and comparing the analogies of life

and nature, and, with a felicity of diction, can make a forcible application of them to the subject he wishes to illustrate, must have, other things being equal, the passions and opinions of men, more entirely at his control, than one destitute of this power. With the picture of his object full on his mind, he may compel others to see it as he sees it, himself, in the same lights, and with the same affections, and thus win them to the pursuit of the good he recommends. Let but imagination be held in subserviency to reason and feeling, and no objection can exist against it. These three qualities, combined, constitute the elements of an impassioned eloquence. Examples may indeed be adduced from some ancient writers, from Demosthenes, for instance, to show that the two latter form the principal part, if not the whole of his power. But it should be remembered that the imagination of this ancient orator had not the purity or the freedom that belongs to a mind enlightened by religious truth. It was cramped, confined, degraded. His highest conceptions arose only to imaginary deities, to whom were attributed human infirmities, passions and lusts. Of the immortality of the soul, he had but a feeble idea; for the light of revelation had not shone upon his path; and, consequently, we must believe that his orations, powerful as they were, would have been still more so, had his imagination been raised by the sublime truths of the Bible. How much effect was given to the preaching of Massillon and Saurin, and Whitefield, in consequence of a happy union of these three kinds of eloquence. Let the imagination be chastened, sanctified, and, if united with fervor of feeling and correct judgment, it cannot fail to impart beauty and force to any subject on which it is employed.

We have dwelt longer on this topic than we intended, and longer, perhaps, than was necessary,—though we have only now touched upon the relative importance of the imaginative faculty to the formation of an effective eloquence.

But, to resume the chain of remark—the imagination of Mr. Jay, we should consider, was not of the fervid, brilliant kind. He seldom delights and dazzles us by any remarkable use of imagery, or flights of feeling. But he has a calm, gentle, even vein of poetic fancy, which always soothes and edifies. The style of his writing is peculiarly fitted for the quietness and repose of devotion. It is adapted to the comprehension and grasp of all minds, and is capable of affecting all. It is easy, familiar, insinuating. It is like the dew that refreshes the drooping flowret, noiselessly, and unostentatiously, if not like the mountain torrent, that overpowers by its force the object that trembles at its side.

A beautiful characteristic of Mr. Jay's style is his manner of quoting scripture. He seems to have a perfect command of every passage adapted to his subject, and points his arguments with it, as from a quarry, with the utmost ease and effect. This peculiar tone of simplicity and quietness of his, which so finely and naturally harmonizes with scripture, we consider one of the happiest features of Mr. Jay's style. It is an indication of the sanctified taste which every where pervades his works, and is the best pledge of their permanent usefulness.

The same general remark may be made with regard to his quoting poetry. It is always done with grace, beauty, and, above all, with a rich unction of pious feeling. It relieves the mind at the same time that it impresses the heart; and leaves on the memory a delightful savor which is not easily lost.

These considerations, taken in connection with a remarkably easy method and arrangement, render his works for the great mass of the people, perhaps, more attractive and profitable than those of any other living preacher.

With regard to the *sentiment* of his sermons, it is purely evangelical, being a happy combination of doctrinal, experimental and practical truth. And why should these three different kinds of instruction be separated, when the Bible interweaves them every where? The circumstance which led Mr. Jay to adopt this method, is thus alluded to, in a preface to one of his sermons. "When the author, if he may be excused a reference to himself, quite a youth, first went to London, and was all anxiety to hear the preachers of the famed

metropolis. He was told by a friend if he wished to hear a good doctrinal sermon, he must hear —: if a practical, he must hear —: and if an experimental, he must hear —. And he well remembers simply asking,—But is there no minister here who preaches all these? I should rather hear him.

This mode Mr. Jay has certainly followed himself, and has given, in consequence of it, to his sermons a charm, which we rarely met with in uninspired writers.

But it is time, that we introduce to our readers, some extracts, as specimens, or rather, as *parts*, of his preaching. We select at random, and only with a view to illustrate, one or two particular points. In the first place, to show the ease, with which he borrows his allusions from *nature* and *domestic life*, we will select a short passage, from a sermon on “progress in religion.”

“A Christian should be concerned for the honor of God. He is under infinite obligations to ‘show forth the praises of him, who hath called us out of darkness, into his marvellous light:’ but ‘herein is’ our ‘Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.’

“A Christian should be concerned for the welfare of his fellow creatures. He should be a blessing to his family; to his country. He should be as a dew from the Lord, fertilizing the place, in which he lives. He should have a stock, not only sufficient to sustain himself, but to relieve others. He should be a stream, at which the thirsty may drink: a shadow under which the weary may refresh themselves. He should be the image of his Lord and Saviour, going about doing good, casting out unclean spirits, opening the eyes of the blind, binding up the broken-hearted.—But the more he possesses, the more qualified will he be for usefulness; the more will he be disposed and enabled to do good.

“A Christian should be concerned for his own prosperity. And has he to learn wherein it consists? Need he be told, that adding grace to grace, is adding ‘strength to strength,’ dignity to dignity, beauty to beauty, joy to joy? It is with the Christian, as it is with the man of trade; the more he acquires, the more he is enabled to gain; every increase, is not only a possession, but a capacity. ‘To him that hath, it shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly: but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that, which he seemeth to have.’ The more sin is mortified in us, the less will the ‘prince of this world’ find to encourage his approach: the less susceptible shall we be of temptation, in the scenes of danger through which we pass.—

“There is something very attractive and pleasing, in progress. It is agreeable to see a stately edifice rising up from the deep basis, and becoming a beautiful mansion. It is entertaining to see the rough outline of a picture filled and finished. It is striking in the garden, to behold the tree renewing signs of life; to mark the expanding foliage, the opening bud, the lovely blossom, the swelling, coloring, ripening fruit. And where is the father, where is the mother, who has not sparkled with delight, while contemplating the child growing in stature; acquiring, by degrees, the use of its tender limbs; beginning to totter, and then to walk more firmly; the pointing finger, succeeded by the prattling tongue; curiosity awakened; reason dawning; new powers opening; the character forming?

“But nothing is to be compared, with the progress of ‘this building of God;’ these ‘trees of righteousness;’ this ‘changing into his image from glory to glory;’ this process of ‘the new creature,’ from the hour of regeneration ‘unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.’ And oh! what is it, when we are the subjects too!”

To give but one more example, we extract a graphic description of pastoral trials, in the sermon entitled the—Minister’s Request.—

“A minister has trials in common with men; he has trials in common with Christians; and in addition to both these, he has trials peculiar to himself. No man is so liable to misrepresentation. He is the subject of general, and therefore, of ignorant criticism. He is often censured, when he acts with the greatest wisdom and rectitude, by those, who cannot discern the circumstances

that guide, or appreciate the motives that sway him. He frequently makes persons his enemies, because he tells them the truth. Many are unsteady in their attendance, and fickle in their attachments. Such hearers frequently justify themselves, by accusing the preacher: *they* are not capricious, but can no longer profit under *his* ministry. After, perhaps, hearing a new preacher every Sabbath, and five sermons a week, and acquiring a fastidiousness and a vagrancy of mind, that nothing can satisfy or fix—they impute to *him*, the effect of a change, which has only taken place in themselves. If they cannot undermine his character, they will assail his orthodoxy. If he preaches as he ought to do—the doctrines of the gospel richly and openly, he may be deemed an Antinomian: and if he does justice to the whole scheme of divine truth—and the gospel may be abridged, when it is not mangled—and brings forward doctrines in their experimental and practical bearings, he may be vilified as a legalist.

“Again observe the preacher. At the time appointed, he must appear, whatever be his frame or his feelings. He must preach, yet seems to have nothing worthy of communication. He must rouse others to zeal, while his own mind is languid; and administer comfort to others, while his own soul is disquieted within him; though like an officer in the field, he is compelled to hide his fears from the men. He often sits down in the pulpit with a blush. He closes the Sabbath in the closet, with the exclamation.—‘Lord who hath believed our report?’ He fears he has been preaching into perdition, many of those, he would gladly save; charged like Isaiah with this dreadful commission: ‘Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and convert, and be healed.’—How distressing to manure, and plough, and sow, and never reap! How grievous to see the blossoms covering the tree in the morning, and in the evening strewing the ground!—When he looks back to a little success with which he was indulged at the commencement of his labors, he cries,—‘Wo is me! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage; there is no cluster to eat; my soul desired the first ripe fruit.’ He often suspects, that he is a vessel, in which the Lord no longer takes pleasure. He dreads standing in the way of another’s usefulness. In the bitterness of his soul, he kneels and asks permission to retire.”

Imagine these extracts spoken, with an honest, full-hearted, dignified, yet familiar delivery—and you have an idea,—perhaps a very faint one,—of Mr. Jay.

We designed to have given a brief outline of Mr. Jay’s character as a *man*, drawn from such materials, as we have occasionally met with, in public notices sent home by travellers from our country, and such as we have, in two or three instances, gleaned from conversations with his own countrymen, who have had opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with him. But were we not checked by a sense of incompetency to draw any thing like a striking portrait of his virtues, the room we have occupied, in the preceding remarks, would absolutely forbid it. We can only say, that his life is a beautiful reflection of his writings, or rather, they are a beautiful resemblance of that, exhibiting excellences, which have a breathing existence in himself; and drawn in every line from the warm, glowing original of his own character.

We have spoken of Mr. Jay’s rise to elevated worth, from obscurity,—and the means of usefulness, which are consequently within the reach of persons, in the humblest walks of life. To prevent mistake, it may be necessary to guard the remark with some qualification.—There are many, in the buoyancy of animal spirits, and the inexperience of youth, who may think, from reading this, that such an elevation is easily attainable, and becoming discontented and restless in their present occupation, suppose themselves destined to a higher.—May there not be some of this character, among those who are aspiring for the ministry—who, having no proper idea of what the ministry is, and what it demands, imagine, without sufficient reflection, that they are every way competent to it,—and leaving their present pursuit, force themselves a little distance

along the road, until some experience of its difficulties, convinces them of their folly, and obliges them to retreat, in mortification and distress ?

Our object in these remarks will not be mistaken. It is a simple, and a kind one. We fear, there are some, who look forward confidently to the ministry, without counting, as they ought to do, the cost. To such, we would hold out a beacon-light, over a stormy and dangerous sea. We would remind them, if they are confident and forward, that every person has not the natural endowments of Mr. Jay :—that a work so solemn should never be entered upon, without the most serious reflection and prayer ; and we would tell them, even that their very want of modesty and self-distrust, proves that they are unqualified for the momentous undertaking.

We have all a prescribed sphere of action ; and we should labor to be useful in *that*. If we deviate from it, without the most prayerful reflection ourselves, and the conviction of our most judicious friends, that it is the will of God we should, we shall, like the stream, that deserts its channel, become stagnant and injurious. The idea that some entertain, that they can be more useful in another station, is oftentimes visionary in the extreme ; and is the effect in not a few cases, of an unsettled, irresolute, wayward habit of mind, that, as soon as it meets with a difficulty in one path, swerves from it to another. Whoever possesses such a habit, will never, unless he labors to correct it, attain to excellence in anything. He will be balancing through life, between different schemes and pursuits ; and at the close of it, will have to lament, that he has lived to no good purpose.

Our advice to all young persons, then is, that they continue, in the course of duty, which providence has marked out for them ; that they study God's will, and do every thing with a wise regard to his glory ;—and, if they feel an inclination to leave their present pursuit and enter upon another, to weigh well their motives,—to examine, whether their desire may not arise from dissatisfaction and discontent :—and whether they are not easily disheartened by difficulties. If they cannot be clear upon these points, they had better banish the thought, of entering upon ground, where it is sinful to come without the holiest motives, and where discouragements meet us, at every step of our way.

We would not,—far be it from us, in these remarks, depress any modest, trembling mind, which, from pure principles, desires the blessed work of a self-denying, self-sacrificing minister of Jesus Christ. No—be it ours, to reach to such, the kind hand of sympathy and assistance,—to catch a fresh and lively glow at witnessing their love to Christ,—and to speed them onward, in their holy enterprise. But we fear, that in the character of the times, there may be too much reason for caution, that in the hurrying excitement, of an enterprising age,—in the general declension of simple, pure, primitive piety, and in the pressing wants of the churches,—the sacred enclosure of the ministry may not be sufficiently guarded. On this subject, our hearts are full, but our limits will not permit us to enlarge.

We close this article by continuing our address to the interesting class, on which the character of the coming age depends. And we would say to them, again, unless you are urged by a strong sense of duty to God and to man, continue, if it be an honorable one, in your present sphere of action. If it has its difficulties, you will find them in every station in life. In some, you will meet with many more. Labor to surmount them, and they will yield to perseverance. Think not that any station can confer upon you worth, or change the natural bent of your disposition. Guard against pernicious habits. Scorn the slavery of vice. Cultivate strength of character, and firmness of purpose, Rise to communion with God. This is the only path to happiness, usefulness and honor. However different our pursuits and direction now, we shall all, like diversified rivers, after running a longer or shorter distance, soon find one common destiny : and when the historic page shall record the achievements of heroes, the policy of statesmen, or the discoveries of philosophers, where can we desire our names to be inscribed so much as among humble, useful, holy men, “ who through faith and patience will inherit the promises.”

MISSIONARY REGISTER.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination, in the United States, for Foreign Missions, &c. should be transmitted to Heman Lincoln, Esq., Treasurer, at the Baptist Missionary Rooms, No. 17, Joy's Buildings, Washington Street, Boston. The communications for the Corresponding Secretary should be directed to the same place.

Burma.

REV. MR. MASON'S JOURNAL.

EXCURSION TO THE JUNGLE.

Jan. 28, 1832. Before starting this morning, one brought fowls, another plantains; and more things were coming, when the cook came running for me to stop them, saying, "they want to give rice and one thing and another, but we cannot carry them." Guides, whom heretofore I had to seek out and pay, were ready to offer their services gratis; and, on leaving the place, "the teacher" presented me with an iron rod, that had been his staff. There are four men here, who declare they have abandoned the worship of demons, and believe in Christianity. But it is impossible, on a few hours' acquaintance, to judge how far such professions deserve credence. A few wearisome hours on a Karen path, which is about synonymous with no path whatever, brought us over the lofty ridge that divides the rivulets of the Ya-men-ma-tsa from those of the Pyee-khya. Here we found the inhabitants had abandoned their houses, almost universally, to go to the feast; and inhabitants being what we wished to find, and not knowing but the Lord might bless his truth, even at a feast, we went to the feast too. Here, a handsome new zayat, built for a Burman priest, was prepared for my reception, situated about a hundred yards from a large booth, which contains the company. Soon after our arrival, to one of the head men that asked for a tract, I gave "the Balance," which he read through aloud to many others, and said he understood it.

Eating, drinking, and making a noise, seem among the principal objects for which these people are assembled; and of consequence many are but a little removed from a state of intoxication. Most unpropitious hearers of the gospel! We had no interruption at worship, except from one drunkard, stammering out—"Gaudama's religion and the religion of Jesus Christ are alike, for both forbid drinking." And yet this was from one of Gaudama's professed followers.

KAREN FUNERAL CEREMONY.

Since worship this evening, the priest has arrived, for whom the zayat I occupy was erected. They have conducted him into their booth, where he has one corner allotted him, while at the entrance boys are wrestling in a yellow circle, and within, the dirges are kept up incessantly, that are faintly heard above the "thundering drum," and twenty other noisy accompaniments, misnamed music. This is a scene on which a priest, by the rules of his order, is not suffered to look; but "the loaves and fishes" have attractions even for a son of Nigban.

These festivals are the funeral ceremonies of the Karens. After the body is burnt, the bones that remain are gathered into a basket prepared for the purpose, and at some convenient period afterwards, the relations of the deceased make a "feast of bones."

Should the family be too poor, the inhabitants of the settlement contribute materials for the feast; for, having been the custom of their ancestors, from time immemorial, to make these festivals, they are

regarded something like religious ceremonies, the omission of which is fraught with misfortune. The basket containing the bones is placed in the midst of the booth in which the feast is held, and, for two or three nights, great lamentation is made—the people marching round singing dirges, and uttering doleful yells. In the course of the feast, a little shrine is erected to the demons, on which offerings are placed, and before which, little companies occasionally prostrate themselves. Here, Karen customs end; but the Meat-khyeens have grafted on them a scion of Buddhism; and they build a *zayat* for a priest, who is invited from the nearest *kyoung* to read to them, and receive offerings. The feast terminates by the bones being buried in the earth.

Feb. 1. We took a north course to-day, and passed over by noon, to the settlement on the principal branch of the Palouk. We visited about fifteen houses; leaving tracts, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, so far as our time would permit.

Something of a mountain, and an extensive, uninhabited forest, now lay between us and the valley of the Pai creek. I told our people, however, that we must cross them, or encamp out to night. They seemed to prefer the former; and with much fatigue to us all, though through a beautiful romantic country of mountains and cataracts, we found ourselves by nightfall among inhabitants.

Here are only two houses, and my host denies "point blank" his being a sinner. Worship has now been over, an hour; yet, while I write, Moun-sha-too sits at my feet, surrounded by the family, interpreting the "Awakener" into Karen; while Ko-thah-by-oo's voice is still heard from the other house, where he has been reading the "Investigator"—"come Holy Spirit with all thy quickening powers," or the watchman waketh but in vain.

The eastern mountains are seen here towering high above the horizon, at the distance of two or three days' journey; yet near here, from the best native information, there is a pass by which they can be crossed with ease. Intending to cross them at this point, if practicable, it being the point where population begins on the eastern side, I had directed the mission-boat to come round to Pai with some necessaries for our journey. This induced us to turn aside, a short day's walk, on the road to that village which lay on our west.

3. The boat not having arrived, I sent

Ko-thah-by-oo, and Moun Long, to itinerate, for two or three days, in a part of the settlement that we have not visited; while I walked down myself with Moun-Shwa-Moung, to Kyouk-h, tsay, a village near the mouth of the Pai creek. I found about a dozen houses, and a *kyoung*; but learned that bro. Wade had anticipated me in the distribution of tracts; and, finding, from the description given, that the mission-boat had just passed up, we took a canoe and followed it, when I was most agreeably surprised to find Mrs. Mason in company.

7. We made an early start this morning, for the eastward; and, after about an hour's walk, met several Karens coming to visit me with presents of eggs and rice. They professed themselves believers; but, like certain senators of Rome, that proposed to give Jesus Christ a statue in the pantheon, they worship God with the Nats and demons. It is exceedingly desirable that this people should be instructed. Many seem to have a *little* light, and are ready to receive more. We have visited about thirty houses in the settlement, in which attentive hearers have always been found.

Large masses of rocks were in our path to-day, corresponding, both in appearance and in fact, to the Quincy granite. In other places, I observed some fine specimens of crystals of quartz, while many of the rocks at the south are characterized by containing large laminæ of mica.

After losing our way, we finally succeeded, a little after sunset, in reaching three houses at the extremity of the Pai settlement. Moun Sek-kyee, I find, has visited these people, and they call themselves believers; but admit that they drink a little, are a little afraid of the Nats, and worship them a little.

8. At the point where we staid last night, the hills at the south, which run easterly, make a rectangular turn to the north, closing in with the hills on the north bank, except a narrow valley between, that stands open on the north east angle, and down which, the head waters of this stream flow. Our path led up this valley; and, after a few hours' walk, we found ourselves crossing the hills at its head. By noon, we were on the banks of the Wa creek, a branch of the Youngbyouk, the next principal stream north, and the one on which is located the Taling settlement, noticed when passing through the Burman villages. We soon left this creek, and began to ascend the steepest, though not the highest mountain

I ever crossed. We frequently had to draw ourselves up almost perpendicular ascents, by the tree roots; and the day was far spent before we reached the summit. In descending, our guide missed the path; and, night closing in, the chief point now to be gained, was, the finding of water. We ultimately succeeded in reaching a bank, on which we encamped for the night, beneath the blue canopy of heaven.

9. Like Gideon's fleece, I awoke this morning, with my blanket dry, while all was wet around me, although I had not had even the shelter of a tree, from the heavy dews that habitually fall in this climate.

Our guides, after reconnoitring, concluded, as I had been previously apprehensive, that we went to the top of the mountain yesterday, and came down again; but did not cross it. Again we made the fatiguing ascent, and again we descended, but were still lost; which may serve to show how little communication exists between the neighboring settlements,—having, as we had, two Karens for guides from the nearest houses. After wandering in search of a path in vain, I concluded to wait in the woods, until our guides could find inhabitants and return.

10. As I started for the pass in the mountains, which I had learned, last night, was near, we had a fine view of the "rocky mountain," presenting its eastern front, half covered with creepers and lichens, to the rising sun. Bamboos, newly twisted off, indicated the near presence of elephants, for which our guide kept a sharp look-out, but without seeing any. Our road soon led us up the bed of the Mentha, a large stream that flows through this valley. At one time, we were in the creek, stepping up the hill, from rock to rock; and, in a few minutes, at the edge of a precipice, with the stream falling "over rocks abrupt," 50 or 100 feet below us; while the next moment brought us again into the bed of the creek for a foot-path.

The water, in its rapid and precipitous course has scooped the slate rocks, of which the mountain is composed, into many fantastic shapes; but I should much prefer seeing it in the less poetic form of writing slates, to aid the inhabitants of these wild regions in acquiring useful knowledge; and, for which the materials seem well adapted.

We soon found ourselves on the east side of the mountains, and on the waters of the Tenasserim. Noon brought us to the banks of the Ben creek,—a stream wide and deep, with mountainous banks, running a north course. Four or five days'

journey down the creek, I am told, stands H, tsek-koo village; while one day's journey up the stream, are the most southern inhabitants east of the mountains, until reaching the vicinity of Mergui. Not being able to find any individual who has been down this stream, but knowing that Moug Sek-kyee, who lives above, has, I had previously determined to seek him out, in order to obtain information. As the path up to the settlement led repeatedly across the creek, where the water was breast deep, I chose, with Moug Shway-Moug, and Moug Shah, too, to make my way up on a raft, which we constructed of six or eight bamboos. A few hundred yards brought us to a rapid, in crossing which, our raft parted; and, though we succeeded in hinging it together again, I found my situation no sinecure; for the creek is alternately a broad, deep, and gentle stream; and a narrow, rapid, and shallow torrent, running like a cataract, sometimes defying our united strength to draw our vessel over them. The scenery is romantic in the extreme, and often suggested the sequestered regions where Dr. Johnson located the princes of Abyssinia. Mountains and precipices, covered with eternal verdure, and water-falls, that have rung upon them their unceasing echoes ever since the days of Noah, are the only objects that meet the eye, or strike the ear.

ROMANTIC SCENERY.

13. At the present moment, I am seated on a water-worn rock, where a painter would seat himself to sketch the wild scenery, with which we are surrounded, and where the artless poetry of nature seems to rise from the waters that precipitate themselves over the rocks at my feet, and throw themselves on the soul in the deep-toned echoes, that are ever rolling their ceaseless waves from mountain to mountain, over this pathless valley.

We started this morning on our little fleet of bamboo rafts, while yet the fog clung to the summits of the lofty trees that skirt these waters, and threw its mantle over us, from bank to bank. My information at starting, was, that it would take me two days to reach the next house. I had predetermined that it should not; so we scampered over one rapid and another until reaching these falls, which set at defiance all our nautical skill, and the men are at the present moment engaged in taking to pieces our rafts, and carrying the bamboos round to the foot of the rapids, where they are again made over.

14. The moon last night had held rule a couple of hours, before our rafts were completed and our dinner finished. No sooner had I given the signal for our departure, than I was assailed with remonstrances on every side; and was finally told that, on account of rocks and rapids, we absolutely could not go by night. But man is the object of my search; for him I have a message from God, and, like the sand before the tempest, I must onward. Our ride was delightful, sometimes paddling over the still waters that slumber at the base of lofty precipices on both banks, which threw their shadows quite across the stream, while once we found ourselves galloping down a rapid descent with the moon-beams, and calling to the slumbering midnight with "the voice of many waters." The lofty and rocky banks, before we reached the place we had in view, began to exhibit spots possible of cultivation; yet we found that the houses we sought were "two calls" inland, little short of a mile. The first house we reached could not afford us room to lie down. We succeeded better however at the next, and I soon forgot my fatigue; until waking this morning I heard MougSek-kyee reading the Investigator. We had all the neighborhood around us before breakfast, who expressed their approbation of the doctrine we taught. One old man says he has abandoned the use of spirituous liquors, believes in Christianity, and prays to the eternal God. Yet he has never seen a Christian before, but has heard of our religion from others, and had considered it in his own mind. There are four houses in the village, besides a *distillery*, on which I unexpectedly stumbled, under a tree. A simpler one in its construction, it were difficult to devise. On the fire stood a common earthen pot, covered with a gourd, whose stem conducted the steam into an inclined bamboo, which was united to another gourd-covered pot, that stood lower on the ground to receive the nectar.

We met with no traces of living beings to-day, except those of the rhinoceros, elephant, wild cow, deer, &c., until reaching, about sunset, the house in which I am now seated. There are two other houses near, to the nearest of which I have sent MougSek-kyee to spend the night; while the third must be visited in the morning, that none of these foresters may rise up in judgement and say, "we never heard the gospel."

16. The country is becoming more populous. We passed two or three little clusters of houses to day, where we left

tracts and had some conversation. The stream seems to be again running among the hills, embanked sometimes on both sides with immense beds of conglomerate rocks of the transition class. At onetime, we passed a conical stone called "hot water stone," from the hot-springs which are said to exist near; and at another, I stopped a few minutes to gaze on a stone which is worshipped by both Karens and Tavoyers, as containing the impression of a demon's foot. It is a porphyritic rock, containing some natural impressions, in which the depraved vision of an idolater alone can see supernatural footsteps. Another rock was pointed out to me, as remarkable for the murder of a priest some thirty or forty years ago, in times of war between the Burmans and Siamese; when, the people neglecting to plant, a famine was produced, and great numbers died of hunger. This priest, it appears, came from Tavoy to seek food in the jungle; but the people, more destitute than himself, murdered him for the little in his possession.

ACCIDENT AT WORSHIP.

17. I have at length reached a Christian habitation. It was dark before we reached Ya-Boo, which consists of two houses, inhabited by three families. Moug Dor has gone to the city; but his wife was ready to turn herself and family out of the only room their house contains, for my accommodation. Against this I protested, and concluded to take up my quarters in an old building, near which, if it had less cover than the other, had also less fire and smoke; for the Karens do all their cooking in the midst of the room in which they live.

After supper, all assembled in my domicile for worship; but Moug Shatoo had only just commenced the interpretation of portions of scripture I had been reading, when down came the whole establishment. Providentially, the building was a degree lower than Karen houses usually are, which are commonly eight or ten feet above the ground; and though we all came down with the falling timbers, yet the falling timbers of a Karen house are not very weighty, and none were hurt.

An interval of half an hour found us all assembled in the house, fire and smoke notwithstanding, where we concluded our religious exercises, less ludicrously than before. After worship I had two applications for baptism. One, a woman that lives in the next house, an old case. The other a young married woman, daughter of Moug

Dor, who dates her conversion within a year. I have appointed next Sabbath for their examination.

18. I was gratified to hear Ma-Naw at prayer this morning, long before the people were awake, and where she thought herself unobserved. After breakfast, I called her children around me—five in number—and took their names, age, attainments, &c., which course I intend pursuing with all the Christian families in the jungle. By this means, I shall have a valuable record of what children need instruction, and where schools can be most advantageously established.

News of my arrival, it appears, had reached Htse-koo, and one of the disciples came to meet me with a canoe, and take me off my raft. After stopping in Htse-koo long enough to visit all the Christian families, and make out lists of their children, I passed on to the village, Korn-thaw, where I found a comfortable new zayat built for my reception. Htse-koo consists of three houses only, and all inhabited by Christian families. The twelve houses under Ko So's jurisdiction are scattered over several miles, of which Ya-boo and Korn-thaw form a part. At length, I have reached "a pleasant resting place," not the less pleasant for having faced the sun five or six days on a raft, nor for being surrounded by a crowd, in respect to whom wherever I look, I can stretch forth my hands and exclaim, "these are my brethren, and these are my sisters."

TRIUMPH OF MISSIONS.

19, Sabbath. I cry no longer the horrors of heathenism!" but, "the blessings of missions!" I date no longer from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled these banks. I eat the rice and, potatoes and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, and see no dwellings, but those, inhabited by Christian families. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love as Christians, converse as Christians, act like Christians, and, in my eyes, look like Christians. If it be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the Shenandoah run through the Blue ridge, surely a voyage around the globe would be amply repaid by a Sabbath spent in this valley. The only punishment I would inflict on the enemies of missions would be a pilgrimage to these villages; and if they should not then admit that enough has been *here* effected to make remuneration for all the lives and money that has been

expended in missions since the Kettering prayer-meeting first met, it would not be for want of evidence.

When brother Boardman visited this people three years ago, they were worshipping demons, and in the practice of all the vices connected with universal drunkenness. But he preached to them the gospel "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and behold, "all things have become new." I concluded to examine and baptize five females to day, from the upper villages, as it is inconvenient for them to stay long from home. I have only room to say that their examination was like nearly all that have preceded, affording great evidence of experimental piety in the persons examined. The conversions of four were of from one to three years' standing, since which time, their good conduct finds ample testimony from the members of the church.

Shortly before sunset, I baptized these five individuals, in the presence of more than a hundred persons, gazing with deep interest on the scene from the wild banks of the Pai. After the baptism, we had the zayat filled with every description of persons, of every age and sex, and was told "there is a multitude wishes for baptism." I told them we would attend to their applications to-morrow. Though this but ill satisfied them, they were silent until one, better acquainted with human nature than the others, remarked to me that he had seen Mrs. Mason within a few days, and added after speaking of her health that he had been into the city to ask for baptism; "but," continuing "they told me I should find you in the jungle; and having found you, I have brought my wife, my wife's mother, my son, my daughter, and my daughter's husband; pointing out each in the crowd as he spake, and we all want to be baptized." On inquiring, he said he had been a believer only five months; but the disciples think his conversion genuine, as he was formerly a constant opposer of the truth. Less I could not do, than take the names of this interesting household; and this was the signal for others to come forward, until my list exceeded twenty. At worship I directed their attention to the language of Paul, "If without thy love, I am nothing."

20. As in the kingdom of nature, so in the kingdom of grace, by the blessing of God the same cause often produces the same effect. In revivals in America, the baptisms are frequently blessed to the conversion of individuals; and several persons whom we have examined to-day, date

their conversion from the baptism of their friends. Among the number that came forward for examination to day, was the interesting daughter of Moug Kyan. With tears I felt constrained to bid her wait, on account of her age; the mother had called her age ten; but one of the disciples now said, that her mother was ignorant of her age, and that he supposed she was fifteen; she is fifteen in mind. Another, from the crowd, said she had walked to the city once to ask for baptism. I soon found cause to repent of my conclusion, and she was cordially received after a most satisfactory examination. In the course of the afternoon, the old sorcerer arrived—the guardian, “in the reign of the devil,” as the Karens designate their former state, of “the psalms printed at Oxford.” He was accompanied by a boy borne down with rice, potatoes, and yams, as an offering to propitiate my favor. His business was to inform me that he intended to bring his wife for baptism. I have since learned, however, that the Christian females, that live in the villages above, persuaded her to return with them this morning, not intending to let her case come before me, as they are not satisfied with her as a Christian. Just before worship this evening, the old man asked for baptism himself; but without making any direct reply, I selected the case of Simon the sorcerer (Acts 8,) as the subject of our remarks; and have since been making inquiries of the Christians concerning him. They say he appears very well at present, but think he had better wait. Two other men, who appeared somewhat doubtful cases, were also set aside.

21. The case of Daw-pa, the man with his family mentioned on Sunday, came up this morning. He was before us about an hour; and though there is much about him that speaks the Christian, yet I thought he seemed to trust too much to his works of prayer, keeping the Sabbath, breaking off from his wicked life, &c.; so I gave him a pretty thorough lecturing on the spirituality of religion, telling him that he might keep the Sabbath and pray all his days, and yet go to hell at last. On being set aside, he said, “if I cannot be baptized, I will pray and keep the Sabbath.” Two or three others were deferred; but I found on closing an examination near sunset, that we had received twenty-two, whom I immediately proceeded to baptize. It was a motley group—there was the child of ten, with the matron of seventy; the husband and wife, the mother and her children, brother and sister, the grandmother and

her grandchild; the beardless boy and his hoary grand-sire.

KAREN MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

22. On leaving Tavoy, I intended should the providence of God warrant it, to visit the Siamese Karens before my return; but the Karens, ignorant of my plans, anticipated me; and five men, fifteen days ago, started on a mission to that country. They returned to day. It would appear from their statements that the Karens are in a higher state of civilization in that country than in this. There they live in large villages, are Boodhists, and have monasteries or kyoungs with Karen priests, where the Taling language is taught. They are represented as very ready to hear the gospel; but the head men would not suffer our people to go further into the country than the most frontier villages; and threatened to have them whipped and imprisoned, if they brought any books for distribution. They had no books with them however that could be understood, except a single copy of the catechism in Taling.

23. This morning early I was again afloat, and in a few hours found myself at the confluence of the Ben and Khamoung-thwa, where the united streams form the Mergui, or Tenasserim river. In the forks is what the Karens call “the ancient city,” where they say a king formerly dwelt. Not a vestige of its former inhabitants can now be found, except the ruins of a wall and pass on two sides, the other two, on the river, being so difficult of access as to need no artificial defence. No remains of pagodas or any thing else can be seen, to indicate the religion of its former population; nor can I find any traditions existing among the Karens, further than that it was peopled by a people from Mergui. About a mile below the forks, on the east bank, stands Khyoung-toung-gee, a village of six houses; and the only inhabitants on the Tenasserim, until reaching the vicinity of Mergui. After visiting these houses, which are all inhabited by Christian families, we passed up the Khamoung-thwa to the village of Nga-lee-kee, two or three miles from the creek on the east side, consisting, like the former, of six dwellings. Here I found the people busily engaged in building a yayat for my reception, and which they had nearly completed.

On the 24th, I went half a day’s journey up the stream, to the village of Nga-poung-toung; and, returning on the 25th, baptized at Nga-lee-kee on the following day,

which was the Sabbath, nine persons—setting aside six others that applied for the ordinance.

I know not but the charge of precipitancy will be brought against me for baptizing so many persons; but what can I do? One of the above number, a girl of sixteen, and by no means brighter than common, when I asked her, by way of an introductory question, and which had been asked no other one in her presence, “what do you love most!” readily replied, “Oh I love the Lord Jesus Christ far above every thing else.” To persons well attested by the church, and capable of replies like this, I know not how to object. That there are tares among them, is highly probable; but they are not to be rooted out till they are distinguished as such. On the 27th, I passed on westward, to He-doo village, whose inhabitants are about half Christians, and consists of ten houses. Here another new *zayat* was just finished for my reception. I passed on, however, to Quay-tha village, after taking the names of ten or eleven new applicants for baptism, where I spent the night. Between this village, and Tavoy is the whole range of mountains, and the distance is considered two days’ journey; yet I left the village at sunrise on the morning of the 28th, and arrived on Siam hill, in time to distinguish the tall palms and spires of the city by the faint glare of a sunset sky on the same day, after an absence of fifty days.

Indian Stations.

LETTER OF REV. EVAN JONES, TO THE
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Valley Towns, Cher. Nat., May 13, 1833.
Rev. Sir,

I have great pleasure to say that in spite of strenuous opposition to the gospel and its advocates, the sacred cause is still extending its salutary influence.

The visit of our venerable and highly esteemed friend, the treasurer, gave us the most cordial satisfaction; and I trust the impression of his pious and prudential counsel will be lasting; and that the regulations he has made, will give a fresh impulse to the operations of the mission.

On the 17th and 18th of April, a large concourse of Cherokees were assembled at the mission-house, and the meetings were quite interesting. The appearances were such as gave evidence of the power of grace to tame the ferocity of the savage, and would excite in the mind of the devout

Christian the pleasing anticipation that the “summer is nigh.” On the 18th an interesting and affecting discourse was delivered by brother Bushyhead, in Cherokee, and afterwards, on invitation, a good number came forward to express their desire to join in prayer to the Saviour of sinners.

Our brother, John Wickliffe, was set apart as a minister of the gospel, to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to his people. This transaction was peculiarly interesting. To witness the seriousness and deep humility with which he was overwhelmed, when receiving the sacred office, would have been very gratifying and encouraging to those pious friends who have taken so much interest in the spiritual welfare of the poor heathen.

Mr. Lincoln addressed the assembly in a short speech, but so fully charged with Christian philanthropy and holy unction, that the whole audience were greatly affected. Brother Bushyhead attempted to reply in English, on behalf of the Cherokees, but was so overcome that he could utter but a few broken sentences, accompanied by the sobs and tears of the whole assemblage.

Much regret was felt that Mr. Lincoln’s stay could not be prolonged.

I accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Clarkesville, for which place, we started about 4, P. M., on the 18th. When I returned, I learned that the brethren who remained had a very interesting meeting at night.

On Sabbath day last, we had quite an interesting meeting at Galaneeeyee, about three miles from this place. The congregation was not large, on account of high waters; but, I trust the spirit of the Lord was present in his gracious operations. About seventeen or eighteen came forward with weeping and mourning on account of their sins, and eleven told us the exercises of their minds concerning eternal things, and were received. We appointed next Sabbath for baptizing those who can make it convenient to go to Oodeluhee, where our regular meeting is to be.

After the conclusion of the meeting, five couples presented themselves to be married after the manner of Christians.

Hoping for a continued interest in the prayers of our friends, I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant.

EVAN JONES.

Rev. and dear Sir,

May 25th. High water having prevented the passage of the mail, I add a few lines to the preceding. On Saturday, May 18th, we had a church-meeting, according to appointment, at Oodeluhee. Two persons

came before the church, and gave us such an account of God's gracious dealings with them, as induced us to hope that a saving change had been effected.

Sunday morning, 19th, on calling the candidates together, a young woman came forward, who had travelled twenty-three miles, on foot, to tell us the good news of having found the Saviour. Her relation was quite interesting, and was told with deep solemnity and many tears.

The two received on Saturday, the young woman just mentioned, and ten of those approved the Sabbath before, at Galanceyee, i. e. six males and seven females, then proceeded to the water; the males accompanied by a male attendant, and the females by a female attendant, each. The thirteen, all full Cherokees, were then immersed in the name of the glorious Trinity. No white was present but myself. The greatest seriousness, and much feeling appeared among the candidates and the congregation.

One of the number, used to be a strong partisan of their old superstitions: and was himself a conjurer, of inferior degree. He, however, cheerfully and publicly renounced all his former notions, as "lying vanities," and expressed a firm confidence in the *atonement sacrifice of the Son of God*.

We still hope, that "God is our refuge, a very present help in troubles." And that "though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God—the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high. God is in the midst of her," and, "in spite of foes his cause goes on."

I am, dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,
EVAN JONES.

P. S. I beg leave to correct a mistake, made by some friend, in making extracts from one of my letters. Brother Bushyhead, is, in a connecting observation, represented to be a full Cherokee—whereas he is, in fact, considerably mixed with white. The error may be thought of no importance; but the enemies of missions torture a trifling matter into a crime, however clearly the inadvertence may appear.

SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES.

Agreeably to appointment of the Board, Rev. Mr. Wade and the two native disciples are now established at Hamilton, N. Y. Their instructions in Burman and Karen are

attended by nine brethren and sisters, who are destined hereafter to labor for the good of the heathen. It is expected that a year's study will give them such acquaintance with these languages, that on their arrival in Burmah, they will be able almost immediately to enter upon the work to which they have devoted their lives. The present undertaking is valuable for several reasons.—It will serve as an experiment, whether it be better that missionaries should learn the languages of the heathen before they leave their own country, or not until they have arrived at their fields of labor.—It will furnish to linguists an opportunity to compare those barbarous tongues with others more generally known, and add richness and fulness to the department of philology.—It will enable our brethren to prolong their usefulness in their own country, and to cherish the missionary flame, around the circle where they reside. It will give our missionaries time to recreate and invigorate themselves for future toils under the enervating climate of India, so that they may yet endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We believe every friend of missions will feel an interest, and lift up his prayers for "THE BURMAN SCHOOL."

TRACTS FOR BURMAH AND SIAM.

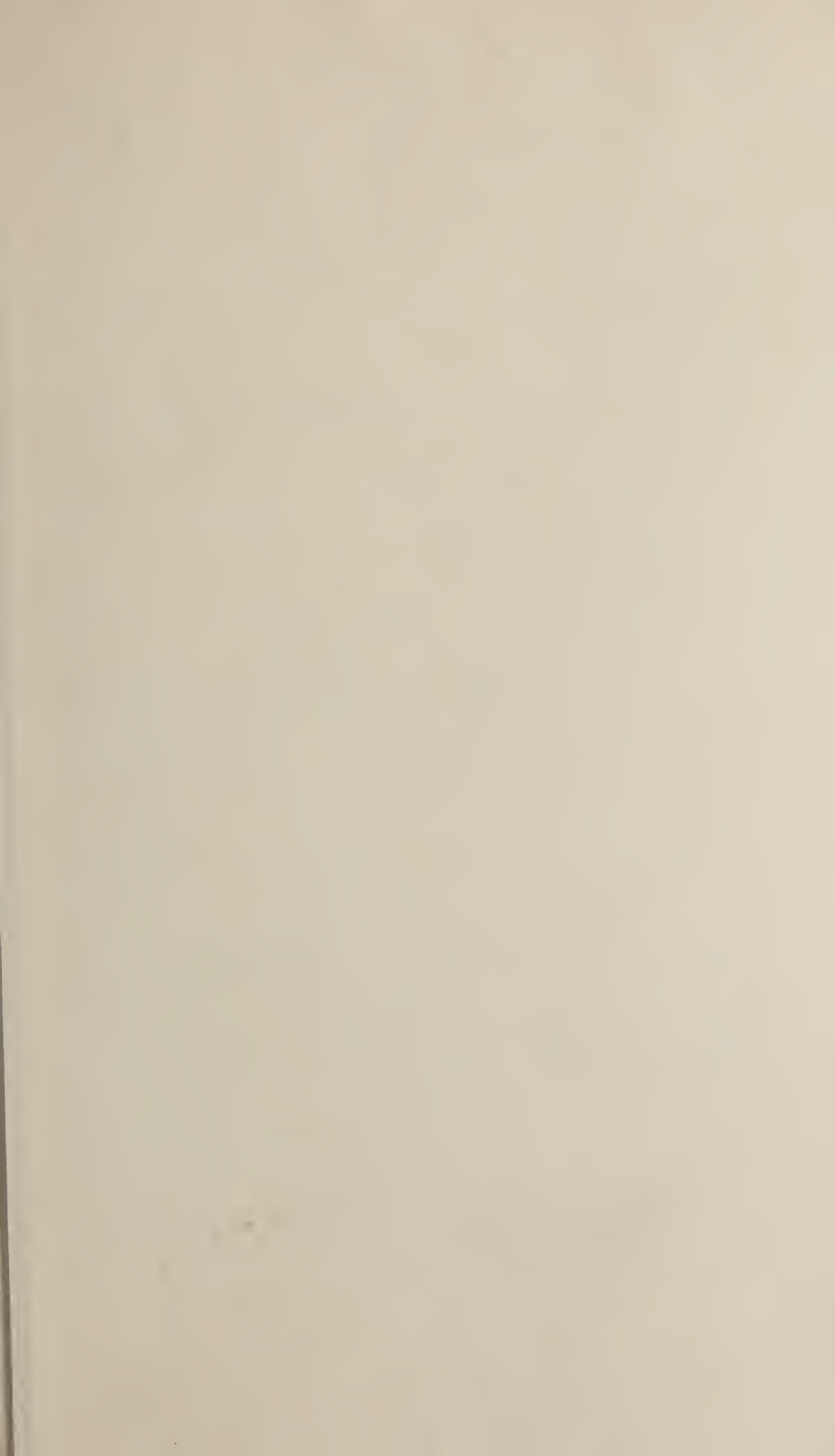
At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Tract Society, New York, July 17, 1833, \$20,000 were devoted to the distribution of tracts in foreign countries. Of this sum, \$4000 are given in trust to the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions—\$3500 to be expended in tracts for Burmah, and \$500 for Siam. As soon as adequate means are furnished, these amounts will be immediately forwarded. While the treasuries of our religious societies are thus freely opened, what need have we to implore the more abundant treasures of divine influence to be poured forth on those societies at home, and their efforts in the cause of the Redeemer abroad!

BRUNGTON BURMAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

A letter, dated Melville, King and Queen Co., Va., enclosing \$35, has been received by the Treasurer of the Board, giving notice of the recent formation of the society thus designated. This sum is its earliest offering to the Board. Most of the members are already members of other Bible Societies. But, in addition, they feel sufficiently interested in the work of giving the word of God to the Burmans and Karens in their own tongues, to be willing to give another dollar yearly for the object. The Treasurer of the society inquires in his letter, if other Christians will not form similar societies, and thus contribute for this specific object—to give the scriptures to the Burmans and Karens, so that they may read for themselves of the wonderful works of God.

Account of Moneys received by the Treasurer of the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States, for Foreign Missions, from June 25, to July 22, 1833.

From Mrs. Frances H. Roach, Charlotte County, Virginia, being the avails of jewelry, sent with the following note—per Rev. L. Rice,	\$1,37
“ My dear brother,	
Dispose of these the best way you can, for the good of the poor heathen; though gold, I count it but dross, for Christ’s sake, that some poor soul may be benefited thereby.”	
Avails of jewelry, from a fem. friend, for Bur. miss., per Rev. Mr. Witt,	37
“ The Bruington Burman Bible Society,” King and Queen County, Virginia, to aid in publishing the Bible in Burmah, per Alexander Fleet, Esq., Treasurer,	35,
John O. B. Dargan, Darlington, S. C.,	25
Tom, a colored man, member of Baptist church, Cheraw, S. C.,	25
Randall, a colored man, member of same church,	1,
Mr. James Mantire, Fayetteville, N. S.,	50
Mrs. R. Ryland, Richmond, Virginia, for Indian mission,	1,50
Col. C. McAllister, Fayetteville, N. C., it having been received by him for bills due from subscribers to the Columbian Star,	12,
Mrs. Doctor Fleet, King and Queen county, Virginia, being the proceeds of a gold chain, for the Burman mission,	5,13
Brother Phillips, N. Stonington, Conn., for Burman mission,	1,
Female society in the fourth Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., being a quarterly payment for the support of a Bur. child, per Mr. R. Morey,	6,25
Oxford Auxiliary Foreign Mission Society, Dea. Thomas Merrill, Treasurer, per A. Richardson, Esq., by the hand of Rev. Mr. Ripley,	45,
Dea. Samuel Downes, Orland, Maine, per Rev. Mr. Ripley,	2,
Framingham Sabbath School children, for Burman mission,	1,50
Shaftsbury Baptist Association, per Rev. S. H. Cone,	120,
Baptist church in the city of Troy, N. Y., for Burman mission,	100,
As above, it having been contributed on the 4th of July, 1832, for African mission, per Rev. Benj. M. Hill,	25,
Female Missionary Society, Limington, Maine, Mrs. Small, Treasurer, per Mr. E. R. Currier,	11,
Blockley Baptist Burman Education Society, for the education, &c. of a Burman boy, named Levi Tucker, per Mr. Levi Tucker, Treas.,	20,
Female Foreign Missionary Society, of the first Baptist Church and Society in Providence, R. I., being their annual subscription, per Rev. R. E. Pattison,	100,
“ Hudson River Association,” N. Y., per Rev. S. H. Cone,	100,
A friend for Burman mission, per Mr. Murdock,	5,
Proceeds of a string of gold beads, from the aged widow Dana, of Newton,	6,
Mrs. Eliza Brown Rogers, Providence, R. I., it being her proportion of the third and fourth payment, for the support of a Burman boy, named Stephen Gano, per Rev. H. Jackson,	25,
Mr. John Billings, being the proceeds of the sale of a horse, left with him by Mr. E. Parker, sold January 14, 1832,	67,50
One year, five months and twenty-one days’ interest,	5,97
	73,47
A friend, enclosed in a letter received through the post office, signed “ Rustic Right Hand,” for the Burman mission,	10,
The Lowville church, being the fifth and last payment toward fifty dollars, for Burman Bible,	10,
Church in Watertown, N. Y., for educating a Burman boy,	23,
Black River Bap. Miss. Soc., for general purposes of missions,	167,
Per Rev. Thomas A. Warner, Secretary,	200,
The Cortland, N. Y. Baptist Association, per Rev. D. B. Purington,	150,
Franklin, N. Y. Baptist Association,	199,08
Per Messrs. Bennett and Bright, Utica,	349,08
Collected at a meeting of the Young People’s Missionary Society, (July 1,) of Sherburn, N. Y., for the support of the Burman Teachers’ families, per Dr. Bolles,	4,27
Rev. C. D. Mallary, Augusta, Georgia, being profits on the sale of Mrs. Judson’s Memoirs,	8,50
Proceeds of jewelry, from a female member of the Bap. ch., Sunbury, Geo., as follows, viz. for gold chain, 4,50—Ear drops, 1,50, per Rev. Professor Ripley,	6,
E. E.	H. LINCOLN, Treasurer.







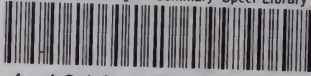
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